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FEBRUARY 20, 1976

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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A Counterrevolutionary Incursion by

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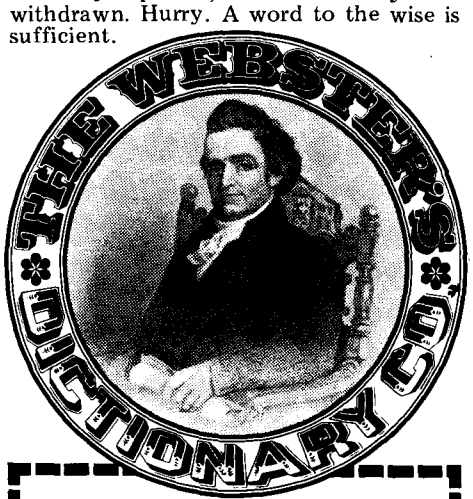

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VOL. XXVIII, NO. 5

FEBRUARY 20, 1976

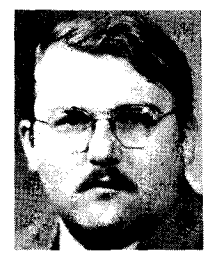
NR NATIONAL REVIEW

REHYANSKY
Page 141

HAZELTON
Page 159

PILON
Page 143

SOBRAN
Page 161



PIETRUSZA
Page 152

NIEMEYER
Page 157

ARTICLES

141 **Letter from the Edge of Detente**
Observations of a young Army officer who visited the border between the two Germanies: glimpses of another life, seen in sad and homely detail. *Joseph A. Rehyansky*

143 **Where Quiet Desperation Reigns**
After 14 years, the author returns to her native land, Rumania, and finds it ruined by what used to be known as Communist tyranny. Strangers share kitchens, and the Invisible Hand reaches out for bribes.
Juliana G. Pilon

151 **Republican Stew**
Ah, that Republican legislative program for the Seventies! It was going to be "gutsy." "Reckless." "Innovative." Remember? The Republicans didn't. *M. Stanton Evans*

152 **The Snows of New Hampshire**
On the campaign trail with Ronald Reagan. Concerning a $90-billion budget cut, the working press, the Peoples Bicentennial Commission, and the question: Why does a man want to be President?
David A. Pietrusza

155 **Yankee Go Home Rides Again**
Only a year ago, the Karamanlis government had things well in hand. But the politics of recrimination (against the Junta and its supporters) somehow took over, and the Left has played it for all it's worth.
Taki Theodoracopulos

COLUMNS

140 **Waiting for Lefty**
Europe faces the Totalitarian Temptation, and makes itself some fine excuses for yielding. *James Burnham*

157 **Language and Action**
World terrorism appears to be a unified whole only because all terrorists speak the same language: the Marxist idiom serves the psychopath as well as the ideologue.
Gerhart Niemeyer

158 **One More Foul Blow**
Mighty HEW has decided to annex a few small colleges to its empire, but finds it harder than expected. *Russell Kirk*

ARTS & MANNERS

In mid-December, some two dozen *NR* staffers and their spouses went to Russia for nearly a week. (No, for *over* a week as it turned out, thanks to the miracle of socialist planning: the scheduled flight home was delayed a day.)

We are pleased to report that there was not a single defection. Nay, they came home with their principled objections to Communism fortified by experience. Herewith the memoirs of three of them:

159 **Impressions of a Short Russian Tour**
Nika Hazelton

161 **Next Year, Tahiti!** *M. J. Sobran Jr.*

162 **The Slaves** *D. Keith Mano*

BOOKS

164 Hedrick Smith's new book explains why Brezhnev's mother fears Communism.
Priscilla L. Buckley

165 Theodore Rabb makes a good case for rechristening the seventeenth century.
Jane Majeski

166 Anthony Cave Brown's *Bodyguard of Lies* shows how British intelligence exploited its greatest coup: the interception of Hitler's secret directives to his generals.
Alan L. Miller

167 *A Word Child* is very much like Iris Murdoch's 16 previous novels, and maybe a little better. *Ronald De Feo*

168 A non-review of Milton Friedman's fine non-book. *M. J. Sobran Jr.*

168 Oh, *The Oxford Book of Literary Anecdotes* is so much fun! *Chilton Williamson Jr.*

120 **Letters**
126 **For the Record**
128 **The Week**
166 **Random Notes**
176 **On the Right**
178 **Trans-O-Gram**

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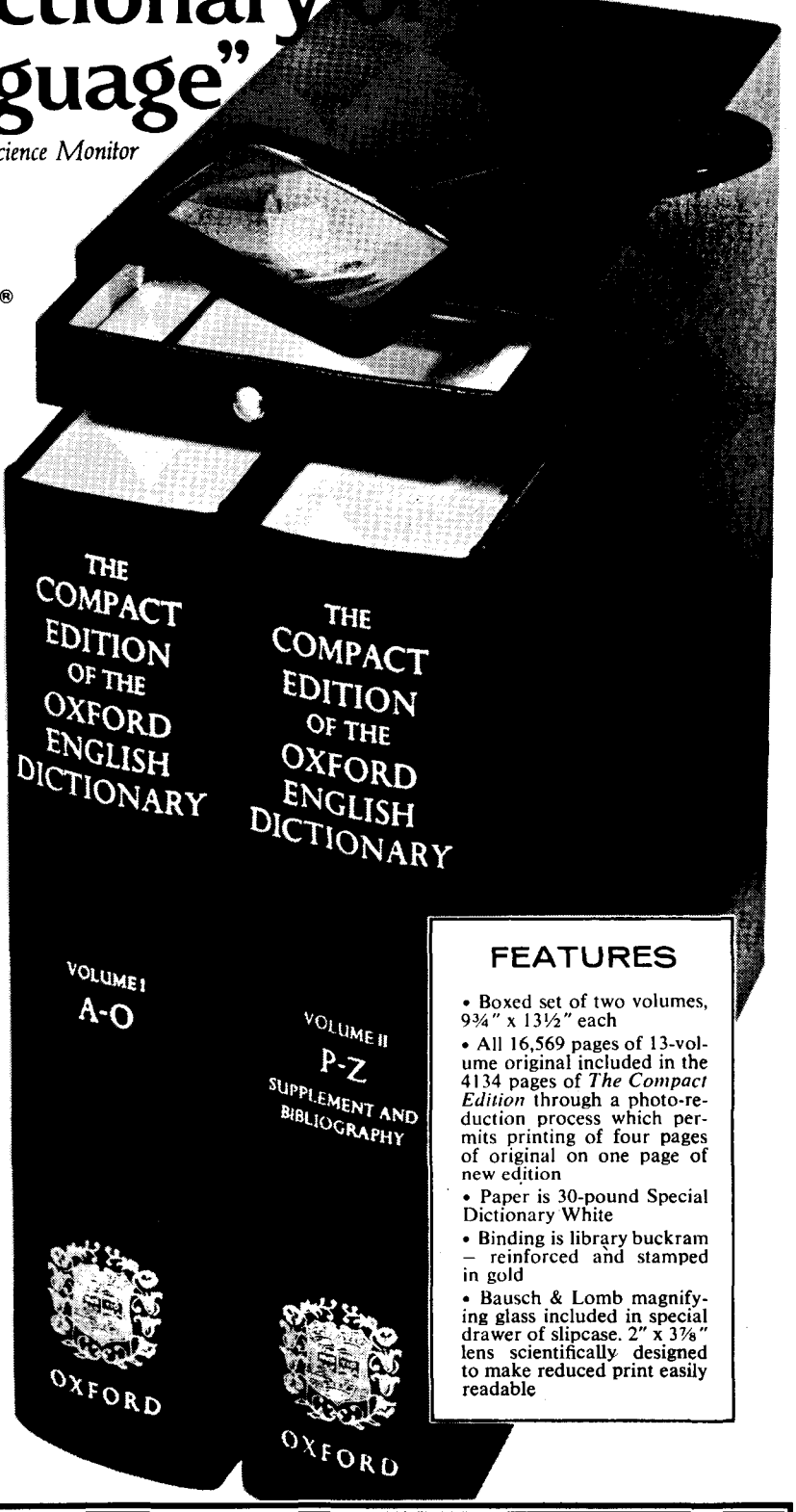

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Letters

Belin's Scoop

David W. Belin's piece [" 'They've Killed the President!' " Feb. 6] reads like a spy thriller, which is great from a magazine's point of view but, in a sense, precisely wrong from the advocacy point of view. The point is that we do *not* have a spy problem on our hands—which is certainly what Belin shows. The plain facts of the assassination—that a nut named Oswald shot and killed the President—are simply no longer interesting, *exciting*, even for the people who were once inclined to believe them. What we have experienced is an escalation of suspicion and speculation, brought on by the general Watergate hysteria and the revelations about the CIA and FBI.

How do you get readers back on the journalistic farm after they've seen investigatorial Paris? Perhaps with a piece like Belin's, which reads like the best of the scoops—even if it arrives at the conclusion: no conspiracy.

Greenwich, Conn. FRANCIS SEWALL

Smelling a Rat

The article by Michael S. Kelly, "Who Is Detenting Whom?" [Nov. 21], was both interesting and informative. Mr. Kelly stated the facts clearly, in keeping with the best traditions of reportorial style. However, the Russians are not nearly as inept technically as Mr. Kelly's article would lead one to believe.

The Russians' poor performance in Soyuz/SL-4 does not jibe with their superb accomplishments in other fields. I am somewhat aware of the strides they have made in construction of naval vessels. These ships are very complex, and their performance, as observed by U.S. Navy personnel who are qualified to judge, demonstrates a high degree of sophistication in technical disciplines, including hydrodynamics and electronics.

Personally, I do not know why the performance of their Soyuz/SL-4 was so poor. But I smell a rat. It appears to have been done purposefully. So much of Soviet activity is controlled by political groups that the cosmonauts may have been ordered to reveal nothing. It is also possible that they were on a mission to learn rather than to teach.

For us to accept this performance as a demonstration of Soviet ineptitude is exceedingly dangerous. My own preference is to realize that the Russians are a skillful and dangerous enemy. If they have succeeded in persuading Mr. Kelly and his readers that they are only plain brute-force technicians, they have indeed perpetrated an exquisite fraud.

San Francisco, Calif. MORRIS GURALNICK

Congratulations

Congratulations on the twentieth anniversary issue of NATIONAL REVIEW [Dec. 5], and, of course, on the twenty years. I found George Nash's chapters on *NR*'s editorial development fascinating. I liked the layout of office photographs, which gave me a feeling of a civilized place to work where there is a certain amount of bearing one another's burdens, and a few laughs as the days go by—e.g., the great hoax of hideous offenses prepared for Bill's inspection. The issue was stunningly handsome, too. Indeed, for some time now *NR* has been a model of style, in my opinion. Your art department should take a bow, along with the copy editors, for I do believe you bring out an absolutely flawless "book," time after time. And yet I felt the spirit of Volume I, Number 1 pervasively present as I read the anniversary number. Even without its present handsome dress, *NR* would still inspire me to say, "Just thank God it exists."

Wyckoff, N.J. FINIS FARR

Abortion

So Harriet Van Horne charges anti-abortionists with hypocrisy as regards our alleged lust for killing during war ["Abortion: The Class Religion," Jan. 23].

Of course she is a pro-abortionist, but when did she announce her support for the death penalty?

Dallas, Tex. DAVID R. GLENDINNING

Mr. M. J. Sobran Jr. ["Abortion: The Class Religion"] has done it again. By attempting to identify the pro-abortionists' view solely with a particular class, Mr.

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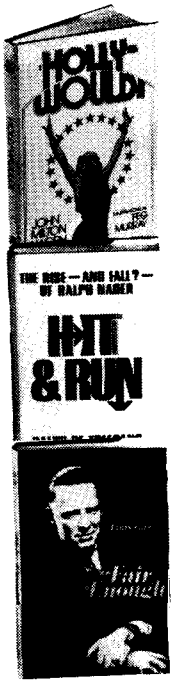

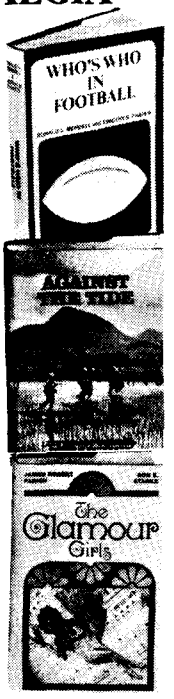

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Sobran ignores reality and bends facts to suit his own arguments, à la Harriet Van Horne. In 1975 there were 250,000 abortions performed in New York City, and I somehow doubt that all of those operations were performed on sexually profligate, liberally oriented upper-middle-class women. Although the most vocal proponents of abortion (not necessarily free but at least legal and safe) are those who traditionally possess the time and talents to vocalize their opinions, the women getting the abortions (voting their approval with their bodies, as it were) represent all classes and races. And probably most political viewpoints.

One must, however, laud Mr. Sobran for his honesty even though it is late-blooming. By the end of the article the real issue is revealed. Abortion is no more than just a symptom, an effect. Mr. Sobran maintains that "the purpose of sex is not fun—it is life." Therefore, the married man who gets a vasectomy ought to be condemned as quickly as the unmarried woman who gets an abortion. In fact, let's condemn all who use any sort of birth control, because they certainly are making pleasure coequal with, if not higher than, procreation.

In his zeal to strike down those who do not agree with his conception of the "most fundamental sexual truth of all," Mr. Sobran adopts all the tactics that he deplores in his opponents. He is as guilty of employing misinformation, diversion, and guilt by association through stereotyping as the most far-out, radical lesbian abortionist.

ANDREW J. FRANKLIN
Camp Lejeune, N.C.

It seems obvious that the reason for the complementarity of the two principal biological categories of human beings is that our species may be propagated. I did not suggest that this natural purpose, if the phrase may be allowed, must be the only motive for coition. I did not say anything leading to the inference that birth control should be condemned at all (though that is a position I respect) nor that it should be condemned "as quickly" as abortion. I did not assert anything more than that, the procreative act being done, the doers should take responsibility for it. I have nothing in common with Harriet Van Horne. —MJS

Why is it that most liberals are for abortion and against capital punishment, and the reverse is true for most conservatives?

What does it say for conservatism that its exponents would prefer to punish the guilty and cherish the innocent?

Huntington, N.Y. ELEANOR MOFFETT

Mr. Sobran unreasonably cites only "restraints and responsibilities" as characterizing our "humanity" as opposed to our "animal nature." What of *Homo ludens*?

(Continues on page 124)

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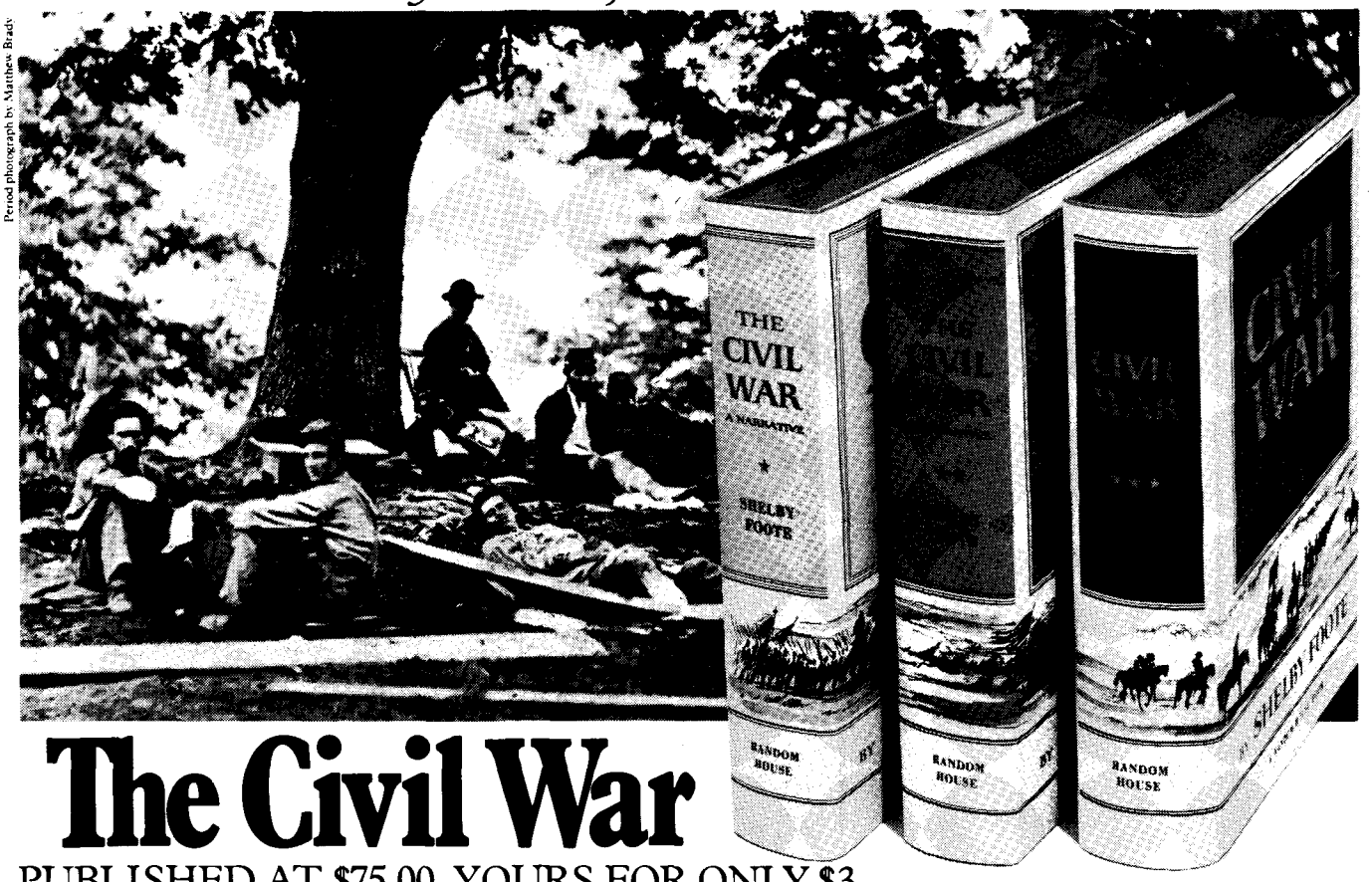
100 years later, the wounds still bleed.



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–Volume I, Fort Sumter to Perryville.

Here the great Stonewall Jackson, accidentally wounded at Chancellorsville, gives his last orders:

He left the sentence unfinished, seeming thus to have put the war behind him; for he smiled as he spoke his last words... "Let us cross the river," he said, "and rest under the shade of the trees."

–Volume II, Fredericksburg to Meridan.

And here a nameless foot soldier defies an order, during the Confederate retreat from Nashville:

"You go to hell – I've been there," the man replied, and kept on trudging southward in the rain. None among them had any way of knowing that the war's last great battle had been fought. All they knew was they wanted no more of it...

–Volume III, Red River to Appomattox.

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It is curious that the animalistic—procreative—purpose of sex should be "the most fundamental sexual truth of all"—for us, it seems, as for all other animal species.

Mr. Sobran's concern is when "somebody else" must take the consequences, and "somebody else" appears upon conception. Yet conception is initially only the quantitative combinations of spermatozoa and ova.

If it is argued that, quantitative combination or not, a potential for human life exists within a fertilized ovum that did not exist before, it must be realized that this difference is one of potentiality only. An adolescent is a potential adult, but is treated as an adolescent because potentiality *per se* is not accorded significance in the face of biological reality.

Separate spermatozoa and ova are as morally equivalent to a newly fertilized ovum as a fetus just before birth is to its newborn self. Such a view precludes rational condemnation of abortion *per se* as murder, as it also precludes any possible advocacy of infanticide; for human life must find its inception (it is not "conceived" spontaneously) between conception and birth, undeniably. The issue of abortion becomes one of timing; but for sound reasons unconnected in any way with the sort of liberalism which Mr. Sobran was, quite correctly, deriding.

La Jolla, Calif. RON TWISDALE

Ex Illyria Ille

Concerning Henry Regnery's article "The Post-Communist World" [Oct. 24]: Aurelian's wall was built by the same during his short but fruitful reign between A.D. 270 and 275. During the first century, Mr. Regnery's incorrect date for his wall, Aurelian's home province, Illyria, was still being pacified.

APO San Francisco GERALD D. MARTIN

Half-Free Enterprise

In "Strange Currents Stirring" [Jan. 23], you note that voters are turning to the right. Nevertheless, these victories cannot dispel the disquieting perception that the results were in favor of private enterprise for everyone but the doctors.

Malcolm Fraser of Australia said he would retain the "essential" part of Labor's social reforms, including national health insurance. He seems to have forgotten that in 1948 a similar program was declared unconstitutional by the Australian Supreme Court, on the ground that it constituted involuntary servitude for the doctors.

Physicians have long been conditioned by their organizational leaders to accept defeat (disavowal of unionism). Now we have much thinking to do.

Lake Oswego, Ore. EDWARD PALMER M.D.

Christianity and Marxism

For the sake of the Gospel, Christianity can and has accommodated itself to almost any culture, and to almost any social, political, and economic system. So it should not be surprising, as Malachi Martin observes in his article "Are Christianity and Marxism Compatible?" [Dec. 19], that Latin American churchmen and churches are accommodating themselves to the popular Marxist revolutionary ideology infecting almost every Latin American country. Christianity and Marxism do have some things in common. Both are concerned with the poor and downtrodden (read the *Magnificat*), and both envision a new world order ("Behold, I make all things new," said Jesus in the Apocalypse). It is not the case, as Mr. Martin supposes, that Christianity is concerned only with deliverance from sin and eternal damnation. Both may have social consequences and manifestations.

Where Christianity and Marxism differ is in their appraisal of the human situation, which is one of finitude and sin. Christianity has a more realistic doctrine of man than Marxism—or than Enlightenment humanism, for that matter, which informs the popular American, Pelagian notion that man can pull himself up by his own bootstraps. (You see, orthodox Christianity has had to find ways to be compatible with American ideology too.) Christianity sees man "curved in upon himself"—that's the classical Augustinian definition of sin, *incurvatus in se*—and therefore given over to his own interests, sometimes enlightened, sometimes not. As far as Christianity is concerned, human perfectibility is impossible in "this world." Consequently, social perfection is also impossible in "this world"; it will come only with the future Kingdom of God. That Kingdom cannot be brought about by human effort.

These are areas, then, where Christianity and Marxism are not compatible, and honest dialogue will point out the differences. In the meantime, the Church must communicate the Gospel, and in carrying out this apostolate it can become, like St. Paul, "all things to all men." As a former Jesuit, Mr. Martin should know that sometimes the end does justify the means. Pax.

Louisville, Ky. FRANK C. SENN
Pastor
Fenner Memorial Lutheran Church

Disguised Taxation

In response to Richard Suter's query ["Letters," Jan. 23]: a cut in taxes ("government theft") is bad when inflation (disguised taxation) must increase as the result of ever greater deficit spending.

You can talk until you're blue in the face, but it's impossible to "teach people the true causes of inflation" when their politicians are promising them every supposed benefit under the sun with no troublesome price tags attached. The only visible effect of inflation is an increase in the prices of consumer goods. This hid-

(Continues on page 127)

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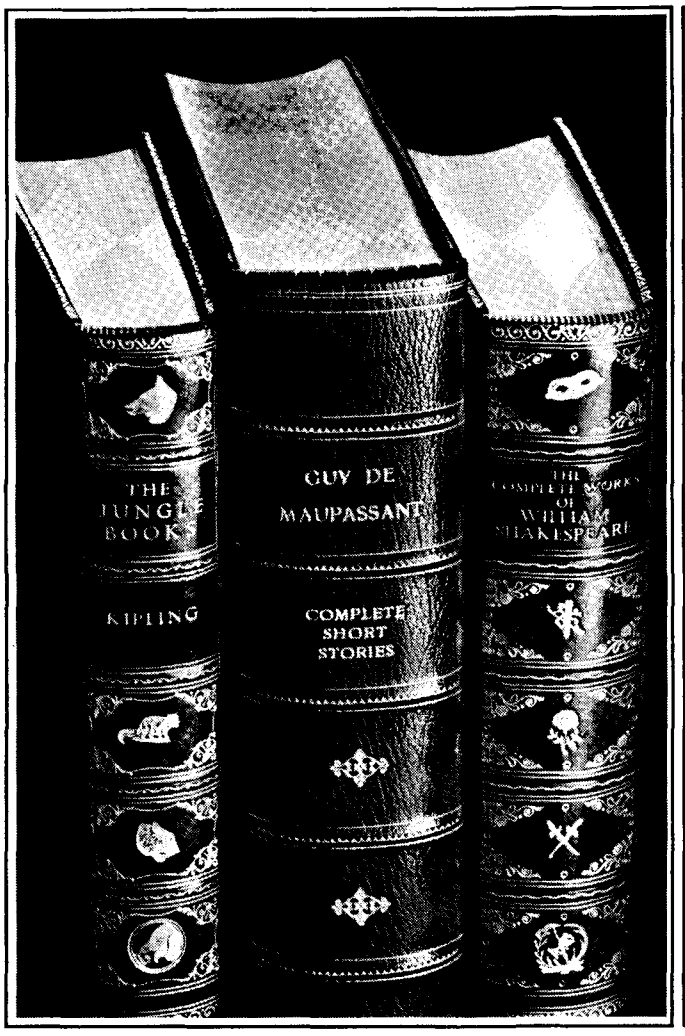

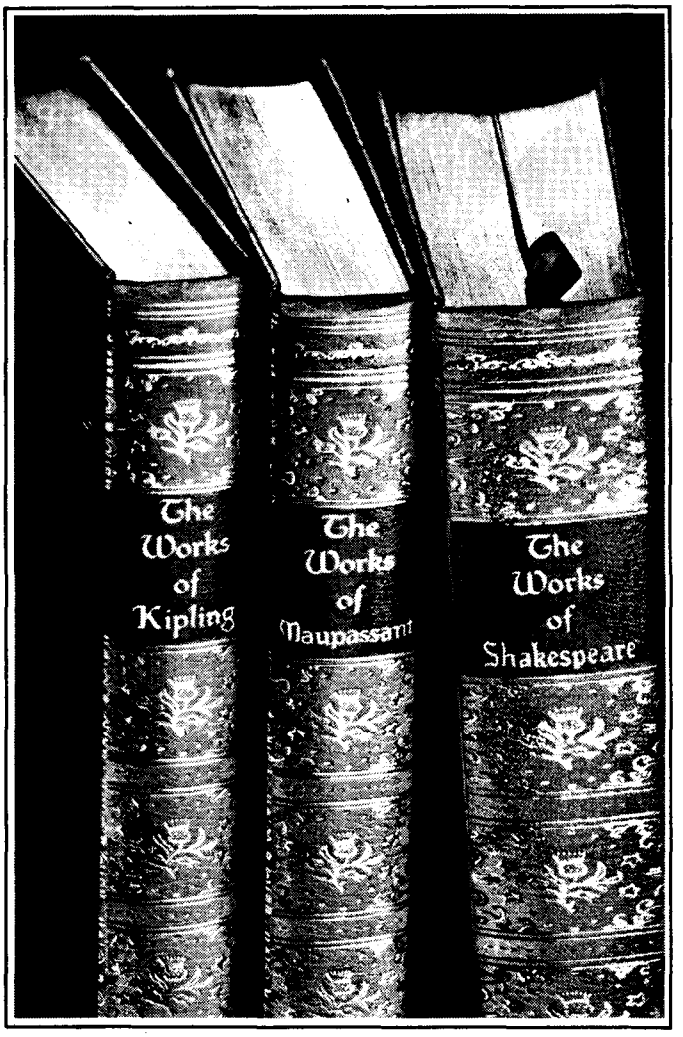

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FOR THE RECORD

■ It's a whole new ballgame, say pols involved in **'76 campaign**. Two big reasons: the campaign financing law and the new Democratic rules doing away with winner-take-all primaries. **Richard Murphy**, in charge of Shriver effort, is in his seventh presidential campaign: "The new rules and laws make it like my first; it's just that different." Murphy doubts **JFK** and **McGovern** would have gotten Democratic nod if they had had to operate under '76 rules. . . . Abolition of winner-take-all primary has also encouraged the lame to keep limping along rather than drop out. "In 1971," says **Richard Stearns**, a McGovern vet, "people tested the water, then pulled back quickly if it didn't look good. Now the law encourages proliferation. Everyone has a financial incentive to stay alive." An illustration of this is **Milton Shapp**, at or near the rear of most every poll. But Shapp recently predicted: "I can't really lose. Other candidates are using themselves up by entering all the primaries and none of them will be able to get enough delegates to win on the first ballot. Meanwhile, I'll be waiting in the wings, ready to sprint up there at the end." . . . "So remote that you can just say for all practical purposes, it's ruled out." That's **George Wallace** talking about chances he'll go the third-party route; he's satisfied with the way the Democrats are treating him and confident they won't adopt a "1972-type candidate and platform." . . . **Sarge Shriver** has now put his finger on the reason for his fifth-place finish in the Iowa primary. He claims the Catholic Church in Iowa "stuck it in my guts" on the **abortion** issue because of its tacit support of **Carter**. "The truth is," says Shriver, "I've done more over the last ten years on this issue than anyone else in or out of public life." Not so, say prolifers; Shriver has been doing the waffle on abortion, just like all the other Democratic candidates.

Langdon, *Punch* Rothco

"I hear British women are getting themselves into this Equal Opportunity nonsense."

■ Cuba's **Angolan** venture is having repercussions close to home. **Venezuela**, which resumed diplomatic relations with **Castro** just last January, is now wondering. One official says, "If Castro can do it in Africa, so far from home, he can also do it anywhere in the Caribbean." Venezuelans also suspect that many of the Cuban embassy people have intelligence functions. Coincidentally, Castro has also asked permission to establish consulates in three other Venezuelan cities. Approval is not expected. . . . Viet vet Larry Mitchell says he has recruited over 200 black **Vietnam veterans** who want to keep Communism out of Africa. "I know the side I'm going with is losing," said one vet. "That only makes me want to go all the more." The mission was made possible when the Congress of Racial Equality promised to pay for transportation. Departure is scheduled for February 15. . . . Hoping to shake the British public "out of a long sleep," Conservative Party leader **Margaret Thatcher** has attacked Harold Wilson's Labor Government for dismantling **Britain's defenses** while the Russians are bent on world domination. "The Russians put guns before butter," she told an audience. "We put just about everything before guns." . . . Speaking of which, *Selskaya Zhizn*, the daily of the Soviet ministry of agriculture, reports **bread shortages** in at least 11 major cities, including Moscow.

■ Former Maine Senator **Margaret Chase Smith** has told *Maine Sunday Telegram* she's disappointed in **Ford**, unhappy with his leadership and indecision, and thinks he will "pull out before the nominating convention." . . . **Reagan** forces wouldn't mind that, but in the meanwhile they wish Ford would clean up his campaign. Ford spokesmen, they say, persist in misrepresenting Reagan's $90-billion plan. **Stuart Spencer**, a veteran of **Rockefeller**'s anti-**Goldwater** campaign in 1964, is running Ford's newspaper campaign. . . . Quiz time. Name the three senators who received perfect ratings from **Americans for Democratic Action** and the nine who received perfect imperfect scores. **Dick Clark** and **John Culver**, Iowa Democrats, and **John Durkin** (D., N.H.) scored 100 per cent. **James Buckley** (C.-R., N.Y.), **Harry Byrd** (Ind., Va.), **Carl Curtis** (R., Neb.), **James Eastland** (D., Miss.), **Clifford Hansen** (R., Wyo.), **Jesse Helms** (R., N.C.), **John Stennis** (D., Miss.), **Strom Thurmond** (R., S.C.), and **Milton Young** (R., N.D.) scored a perfect nothing.

■ Ford staffers can't seem to resist jokes at the expense of their boss. Columnist **Joseph Kraft** reports that just before Ford presented his budget, a reporter asked a White House aide whether the President was going to stand through the full ninety-minute session. When told yes, the reporter suggested: "Why don't you get him a stool?" "Because," the aide said, "he might fall off."

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den form of theft is especially attractive to politicians; it makes the task of casting businessmen in the role of economic scapegoats a very simple one.

There is no greater safeguard against the excesses of government than the anger of an aroused voter who can feel the direct consequences of government spending—and can clearly see who is responsible. Americans have been led to believe that there is no relationship between government "services" and government taxation. "Tax cuts" serve only to reinforce that impression. We can't afford to continue the charade.

Cherry Point, N.C. PETER J. DUBUISSON

Newspaper Network

Scott Custin ["Letters," Dec. 19] is, of course, sound in his appreciation of the technological potential of a newspaper network, but inaccurate in his assessment of the legal potential. Actually, advancing technology in both TV and graphics will restore freedom of expression to the grassroots level where the First Amendment meant it to be. That is, it can do so if the legal system responds properly.

In TV we have already witnessed the entrenched network oligopolists' battle against pay TV, which—by providing a practically limitless number of channels at reasonable costs—can enable just about anyone to have a try at broadcasting. The new "network" printing potential will compel recognition of the fact of newspaper oligopoly.

The small American colonies of 1776 each boasted a relatively numerous group of news publishers. Every printer was a potential editor. In 1976 the economics of newspaper publication have put that business entirely out of the reach of "everyman." This economics includes not only printing plant investment, but also advertising and a distribution system.

What this means is that the business, as opposed to the editorial, side of newspaper publishing must be operated as the common law required other natural monopolies to be: that is, available on reasonable terms to all. Antitrust considerations have already put the news wire services on this basis.

Thus the technological capability which Mr. Custin evaluates, far from compelling new concentration of newspaper *editorial* oligopoly, can, if it is properly regulated, be the means of restoring 1776 editorial freedom and competition to newspaper publishing. The new editor's plant will not be the small hand-operated press of 1776, but the computer terminal. His "copy" will be printed by the network; he will share *pro rata* in the network's advertising revenue; and the network will distribute the papers of all the subscribers to its essentially public utility services.

Washington, D.C. W. BROWN MORTON JR.

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THE WEEK

■ Old governments never die, they just waste away.

■ Ronald Reagan, sez Hubert Hon. Humphrey, is "George Wallace with eau de cologne . . . a master of simplicity in an age of complexity." Glad the old Senator can 'splain such complexicated issues. We thought ol' George was a Democrat.

■ Building costs have skyrocketed, with the result that only 249,000 new apartments were started in the first 11 months of 1975 as against about 500,000 in 1974 and a million in peak year 1972. Builders say that without a rent increase of 10 per cent to 25 per cent there will be no recovery in the industry. Meanwhile the politicians—in New York, California, Washington, and elsewhere—continue to talk of rent controls. Next they will have to talk of mandated building quotas as well.

■ The President's Council on Wage and Price Stability has recommended that the U.S. Postal Service lose its monopoly on first-class mail. The Council argues that the "prod of competition" would "retard or reverse the upward push of postal rates." Since 1971, average first-class rates have risen 63 per cent as against 35 per cent for inflation. Between 1970 and 1975, wage rates went up 60 per cent for postal employees, but only 38 per cent for civilian employees of the Federal Government. Labor costs make up about 85 per cent of the over-all costs of the Postal Service.

■ John F. Kennedy invented Camelot, and the latest revelations about his relationship with Judith Campbell Exner may have sunk not only the memory of Camelot but the presidential ambitions of the heir presumptive, Teddy Kennedy. That's what *New York* magazine's astute political reporter Richard Reeves thinks. The Exner story, he says, may have "eliminated Teddy as a presidential possibility this year—and perhaps she has done him in for good." Teddy, says Reeves, displays too many of his brother's weaknesses, and is therefore fated to suffer by their revelation.

■ The story was right there in the *New York Times*, all three and a quarter inches of it. Pollster Louis Harris, having asked 1,475 adult Americans what direction they wanted the country to move in, reported that 43 per cent of them wanted the government to go in a conservative direction, while only 19 per cent favored a leftward tilt. (Twenty per cent approved the status quo; 18 per cent weren't sure where they wanted the country to go.) Whether from polls like this or from their own fan mail, congressional liberals seem to be getting the message. The Americans for Democratic Action says some freshman congressmen are so nervous they have begged the organization not to publish ratings of their first year's votes. Just a few months ago the bold young Turks were pontificating about the people's right to know.

■ Britain is enjoying ever more socialism, ever less health care. In its never-ending struggle with inflation and inequality, the Wilson government has forbidden doctors to supplement their incomes under the National Health Service by taking (ãs they are wont to do) some private patients into public hospitals. Doctors, younger ones especially, are responding by refusing overtime or (in some instances) non-emergency patients. Hospitals are closing; waiting lists, longer than for tickets to a hit musical, are mounting; Harold Wilson is fuming. But he probably will cave in, though more resentfully than he caves in before, say, mineworkers. Such is life in the land where everything is politicized.

■ Last April Miss Ang Sokthan was a student of pharmacology in Phnom Penh. She was driven out, with everyone else, and resettled in a farm community. There she worked in the rice fields from dawn to dusk (with a one-hour rice break at noon), except on those nights when the moon was out. Then they worked till 11 P.M. They were forbidden to pick fruit from the trees around them to supplement their diets because the fruit belonged to "the people," and those who transgressed four times were taken away and did not return. Later, she and several hundred others were moved by boxcar—an 11-day journey—to another area. Her two brothers died of malaria on that trip. Again the dawn-to-dusk work, the cupful of rice at noon. Three weeks ago about thirty of the forced laborers tried to escape. Miss Sokthan and seven others made it to Thailand; her sister died along the way. Thus has peace come to Cambodia after many years of war.

■ The Soviet Union has released—and exiled—Leonid Plyushch, the Ukrainian cyberneticist who was arrested in 1972 "for committing a particularly dangerous crime against the state": i.e., writing in defense of Ukrainian nationalism and belonging to the Initiative Group for the Defense of Human Rights. In 1973, the state decided Plyushch was suffering from "creeping schizo-

Jimmy Carter Is Very Nice

I go for Jimmy Carter;
He talks the way I like.
His smile is nice, and once or twice
He sounded just like Ike.
He's all for moderation;
The horse precedes the cart.
But tippy-toe will never blow
The bureaucrats apart.

W. H. VON DREELE

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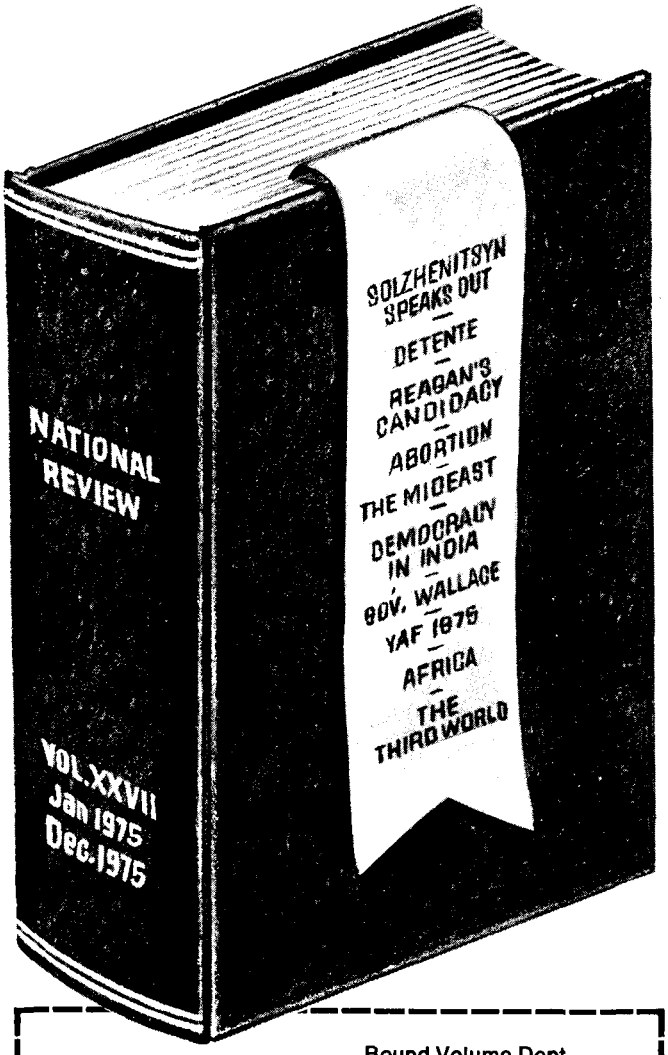

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The Touchstone of Detente

Mr. Paul H. Nitze, who served as a member of the U.S. SALT Delegation (1969-74), as Deputy Secretary of Defense (1967-69), and as Secretary of the Navy (1963-67), has written a sobering article entitled "Assuring Strategic Stability in an Era of Detente" (*Foreign Affairs*, January). Before we face the SALT II treaty, Nitze insists, "it is necessary to raise certain basic questions about the maintenance of strategic stability"—because he finds unconvincing the popular premises that stability cannot be *harmed* by SALT II, and that "the best hope of stability lies in further pursuit of negotiations with the aim of reducing the level of strategic weapons and delivery systems on both sides." Alas, says Nitze, "there is every prospect that under the terms of the SALT agreements the Soviet Union will continue to pursue a nuclear superiority that is not merely quantitative but designed to produce a theoretical war-winning capacity." Even so, he argues hopefully, we *can* redress the impending strategic imbalance; more, we can accomplish our design a) within the framework of the Vladivostok Agreement of 1974, and b) at reasonable financial cost to ourselves.

Nitze regards strategic arms as "the touchstone of the reality of detente." Although the word "detente" suggests that efforts to achieve cordial relations between the Soviet Union and the United States have been successful, and need to be made "irreversible," Nitze argues convincingly that "there are strong grounds for concluding that in Soviet eyes 'detente' is not that different from what we used to call the 'Cold War.'" "When the Soviets use the word 'detente' in their internal writings, they make it clear that they intend 'detente' to mean the same thing as 'peaceful coexistence.' Peaceful coexistence, they make it clear, implies no change in their basic objectives, while they expect that current tactics will weaken the West and strengthen the socialist states." Thus there have been "no positive Soviet actions" in response to the "Basic Principles of Relations between the United States and the Soviet Union" of 1972; thus too Soviet duplicity in Vietnam and Angola.

The plain fact, says Nitze, is that for the wallahs and potentates of the Kremlin nuclear war is not as unthinkable an event as it is for American officials and politicians; and because it is not, the USSR has developed and implemented a civil defense program of such sophistication that, in conjunction with the Soviet policy of constructing its industrial plants in far-flung rural towns, it has affected significantly the strategic balance between the Soviet Union and the United States. Worse, the U.S., which until 1962—the year of the Cuban missile crisis—assumed that it required a war-winning nuclear capacity, has since concluded that mutual deterrence through mutually assured destruction is the best policy; while the Soviet Union—mightily impressed by the amplitude of the political leverage that American nuclear superiority conferred on the U.S. in the days of the crisis—has subsequently decided that "the best deterrent is a war-winning capability, if that is attainable." Consequently, "what was most fundamental" to the SALT negotiations from 1969 to mid-1974 was the fact that "the U.S. delegation sought at every level and through every form of contact to bring home to the Soviet delegation, and the leaders behind it, the desirability of limitations which would assure 'crisis stability' and 'essential equivalence'—and that the Soviet side stoutly resisted these efforts." Consequently also, it became apparent after the signing of the ABM Treaty in May 1972 that the USSR believed—or professed to believe—that it was entitled to an *indefinite* advantage of about 40 per cent in the number of its missile launchers, and to more than twice the throw-weight (the average effective size) of our missiles. To produce an agreement of greater longevity, it thought, "all that was necessary was to add strict and equal limits on bombers and their armaments, provide for the withdrawal of our nuclear forces deployed in support of our allies capable of striking Soviet territory, and halt our B-1 and Trident programs but not the 'modernization' of their systems." And so the Vladivostok Accord "continues to codify a potentially unstable situation caused by the large disparity in throw-weight, now being exploited by Soviet technological improvements"—exploited, be it added, to the degree that by 1977, "after a Soviet-initiated counterforce strike against the United States to which the United States responded with a counterforce strike, the Soviet Union would have remaining forces sufficient to destroy Chinese and European NATO nuclear capability, attack U.S. population and conventional military targets, and still have a remaining force throw-weight in excess of that of the United States. And after 1977 the Soviet advantage after the assumed attack mounts rapidly."

What is happening to us, then, is that we are moving swiftly toward "a posture of minimum deterrence in which we would be conceding to the Soviet Union potential for a military and political victory if deterrence failed." What can we do about this? Well, we can a) increase the accuracy of our missiles; b) decrease the vulnerability of our strategic nuclear force; c) create a new system for deployment that would make it costly in terms of throw-weight for the Soviets to destroy our deterrent forces and that would force the Soviets to increase the survival potential of their own system, but at the cost of reducing their throw-weight; and d) keep in mind that, were the Soviet Union to achieve theoretical war-winning capacity, it might well "adjust its policies and actions in ways that would undermine the present detente situation, with results that could only resurrect the danger of nuclear confrontation, or, alternatively, increase the prospect of Soviet expansion through other means of pressure."

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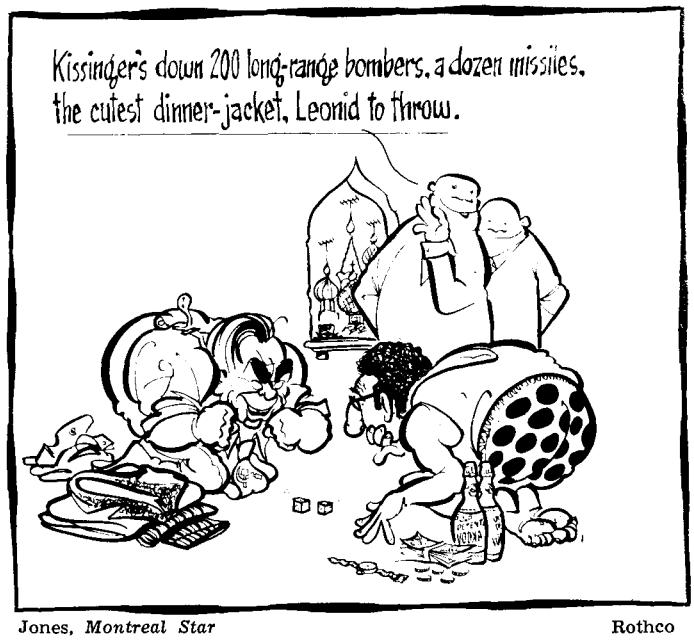
phrenia," a common diagnosis in political cases, and transferred him from prison to a mental hospital. There they treated him with halperidol, a drug that makes it impossible for the victim to work, write letters, even read. In early 1974, a group including Andrei Sakharov and Yelena Bonner petitioned for his release, and they have been working on his behalf ever since. Tass, however, explained that he was being released now only because his "health has improved lately."

■ Having invested billions copying the Anglo-French Concorde, the Soviets cashed in by rushing the TU-144 into the first (by 26 days) "regular" SST service—hauling freight from Moscow to Alma-Ata. And by golly, they get that freight to Alma-Ata in two hours instead of four. Concorde passenger service from London to Bahrain and from Paris to Rio de Janeiro was inaugurated last month. The Soviets also plan passenger service, by "mid-1976," or whenever they can find someone who wants to go to Alma-Ata.

■ CAPITALIST ROPE DEPT.? After thorough consultation with Washington, Britain has made a $160-million deal to sell Rolls-Royce jet engines—the same kind that power the British version of the American Phantom fighter—to Red China.

■ LAW 'N' ORDER NOTES. Newspapers in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia have agreed to guvmint guidelines not to publish pictures of women in see-through clothing, bikinis, or nude. A workman in Goulburn, Australia, has been sentenced to seven days in jail for cussing at a dog. And police in California will actually be equipped with the scales of justice when a liberalized marijuana law goes into effect next year—a vest-pocket job to determine whether the arrestee has more than an ounce of pot and is therefore a felon, or less than an ounce and gets off with a citation.

■ Let us offer a toast to the quarterly *Modern Age* on the occasion of its twentieth anniversary. The contribution to civilized and scholarly discourse now accumulated in the journal's 19 volumes fully deserves the adjective "indispensable." Founded under the sponsorship of Henry Regnery in 1956, *Modern Age* was first edited by our good friend and colleague Russell Kirk. Today Davis S. Collier fills the post of publisher and editor, carrying on the magazine's sustained tradition of high quality. The editorial board includes many names familiar to *NR* readers—Eliseo Vivas, J. M. Lalley, Gerhart Niemeyer, Stephen Tonsor, Kurt Glaser, and, of course, Henry Regnery. The issue now before us, Volume 20, Number 1 may be taken as representative both in its interest and in its excellence, including as it does essays by Gerhart Niemeyer (on Eric Voegelin), George Carey (on James Madison's political theory), and M. E. Bradford (on equality and the American political tradition), and a number of others of similar interest. "To maintain standards in such a time as ours is an undertaking that is worthwhile in itself, if only to demonstrate



Jones, *Montreal Star* Rothco

that it is still possible." Thus comments Henry Regnery in an introductory note to this issue. *Modern Age* is published at 743 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, 60611, and a one-year subscription costs $7.

■ If a student says, "I don't have no pencil," don't correct his grammar, give him a pencil. Such was the advice executive director Robert Hogan gave to delegates of the National Council of Teachers of English when they convened in San Diego. Trouble with this country is we ain't got no English teachers.

■ How're your political smarts? Increased in amperage since Campaign '72? Not sure? Never mind. Although commercial TV plans to provide its usual gavel-to-gavel coverage of the Democratic and Republican national conventions this summer, the Public Broadcasting Service is not going to let you go astray in all the confusion. The news departments of WNET/13 in New York and WETA-TV in Washington are planning to collaborate on a series of 37 half-hour shows—broadcast each Monday night beginning with New Hampshire's primary eve, February 23—tentatively entitled *Politics 76* and featuring such fauna as Bill Moyers, Paul Duke, and Robert Sam Anson. The idea is to go beyond mere reportage to offer—you know, *meaningful* political analysis through photo essays, interviews, humorous interludes, penetrating dissections of political rhetoric, and so forth. Although both WNET and WETA have contributed sums of money from their own coffers, both the Corporation for Public Broadcasting and the Ford Foundation have kicked in a half-million bucks apiece. That's a lot of money, but not enough. Somebody should kick in an extra half-million in order to discover some differences of opinion among these entertaining gentlemen-moralists.

■ Paul Robeson is no more, and, observing the maxim about speaking ill of the dead, we should content ourselves with noting that he was a fine singer and actor, and a great athlete. But alas, he was also a brazen

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The Capitol Hill health lobby has opened an offensive designed to break up HEW before Secretary David Mathews becomes sufficiently entrenched to block the effort. Representative Paul Rogers (D., Fla.) has reintroduced—and this time intends to push—legislation creating a separate Department of Health. And in the Senate, Edward Kennedy has mounted a strong drive to create a Drugs and Devices Administration, which would effectively remove the FDA from direct HEW control. So far, Mathews has been mum on both moves, mainly, say some of his unkinder critics, because he doesn't quite understand them. The consensus seems to be that Mathews is an amiable and intelligent man, a good academic administrator, but not up to running a monster like HEW. "I feel like you sold me a car without a steering wheel," he told the President after his first forty days in office. "I've got all these people telling me to turn right, turn left, speed up, slow down . . ." According to HEW staffers, that's still the problem. Mathews just can't seem to find that steering wheel, much less the brakes.

■ Senator Henry Jackson, startling many supporters, has belatedly leapt aboard the health-care bandwagon. He has announced support for Representative Rogers' proposed Department of Health and enthusiastically endorsed the Kennedy-Corman sperm-to-worm program of National Health Insurance. Reason for Jackson's sudden leap: the Florida primary, which is the now-or-never test of his candidacy. Washington oddsmakers are betting that Jackson will run a poor third, behind Wallace and Carter, in that order. If so, Scoop is sunk. As usual, he is failing to stir voter interest, and his advisors believe it essential to find new issues. Hence, Kennedy-Corman. Florida is Mecca for middle-income retirees. Most of them are eligible for Medicare, but Medicare requires an initial fee for hospitalization and will pay only up to certain limits for hospital services, drugs, and doctors. Kennedy-Corman would pay for it all, with no cutoffs. As to the argument that we just can't afford it—an argument recently advanced in one form or another by Gerald Ford, the *Washington Post*, and much of the Democratic leadership—well, Jackson answers it with the sort of unfortunate statement that helps explain why he has trouble igniting voters: "We must act today for it would be too expensive to delay."

■ January was one of those rare months in Washington when speechwriters were much in the news. In the last issue of *NR*, Cato passed on the rumor that gagster Bob Orben was in line to head up the White House writing department. As that issue was being mailed, the rumor became fact. And so the man now officially in charge of the preparation of presidential addresses is the man who once wrote jokes for Red Skelton and Jack Paar.

■ President Ford's State of the Union address was actually two speeches, the product of competing White House factions. Responsible for most of the material relating directly to programs were Orben, Robert Hartmann, and Milton Friedman (no relation to the real Milton Friedman). Supplying the best of the rhetoric and the philosophical observations was David Gergen, formerly head of Nixon's writing department and now the voice of the Simon-Greenspan coalition. The Orben-Hartmann-Friedman group believes Gergen-Simon-Greenspan to be too intellectual and too ideological in economic matters. Gergen-Simon-Greenspan views Orben-Hartmann-Friedman as shallow and deficient in philosophical underpinning.

■ Supporters of Edmund Muskie were deeply distressed with their man's performance in his televised response to the State of the Union message. Most frequently mentioned scapegoat is former Camelot script-writer Richard Goodwin. "No matter what you think of Ed Muskie," says one of the Senator's boosters, "he always comes across like a down-to-earth, natural guy. But Goodwin fixed that—he made Muskie sound stagey and artificial, reading a pointless little philosophical essay." The speech was widely viewed in Washington as the vehicle for a Muskie reentry into presidential politics. But now the consensus is that the Muskie mission has been permanently aborted.

■ Henry Kissinger—widely suspected of frantically trying to make another oneway deal with the Russians in order to score foreign policy points for Ford during the campaign season—now has to contend with an irate cabbie. San Francisco taxi-driver Lawrence Bertles has filed suit in a U.S. District Court charging Kissinger with treason. Among other things, Bertles says that Kissinger has allowed the Russians to increase the number of Backfire bombers without demanding corresponding concessions. Kissinger, charges Bertles, "is working for the other side."

—CATO

Stalinist—a fact we are constrained to mention by the gooey notices called forth by his death. The *New York Times*' obituary termed him an "activist," and made his disputes with congressional committees sound for all the world like John Henry's contest with the steam drill, and as if that weren't enough, the paper devoted an adulatory editorial to him, concluding, "Paul Robeson, like Othello on his deathbed [sic], could honestly say, 'I have done the state some service, and they know't.' " If that newspaper were written in rhyming couplets, Pete Seeger could sing it.

■ GRIM-VISAGED WAR HATH SMOOTHED HIS WRINKLED FRONT DEPT. *New York Times* headline, January 25: "Saigon Plans Drive on Unemployment and Bureaucracy."

■ Remember when all those cyclamate-sweetened soft drinks had to be poured down the drain because a study financed by the sugar industry found that ingesting the equivalent of several hundred bottles of the stuff appeared to cause bladder cancer in some mice? A government advisory committee has now concluded that there was never any solid evidence linking cyclamates to cancer in animals, much less in humans. The FDA is busy looking for some other reason to justify its hasty and wasteful ban on cyclamates, or for some product that will safely remove egg from the face.

■ Plagued for years by declining scores on reading tests, the New York City school system this year made a major educational breakthrough. For the first time in living memory, test scores rose sharply and a much larger

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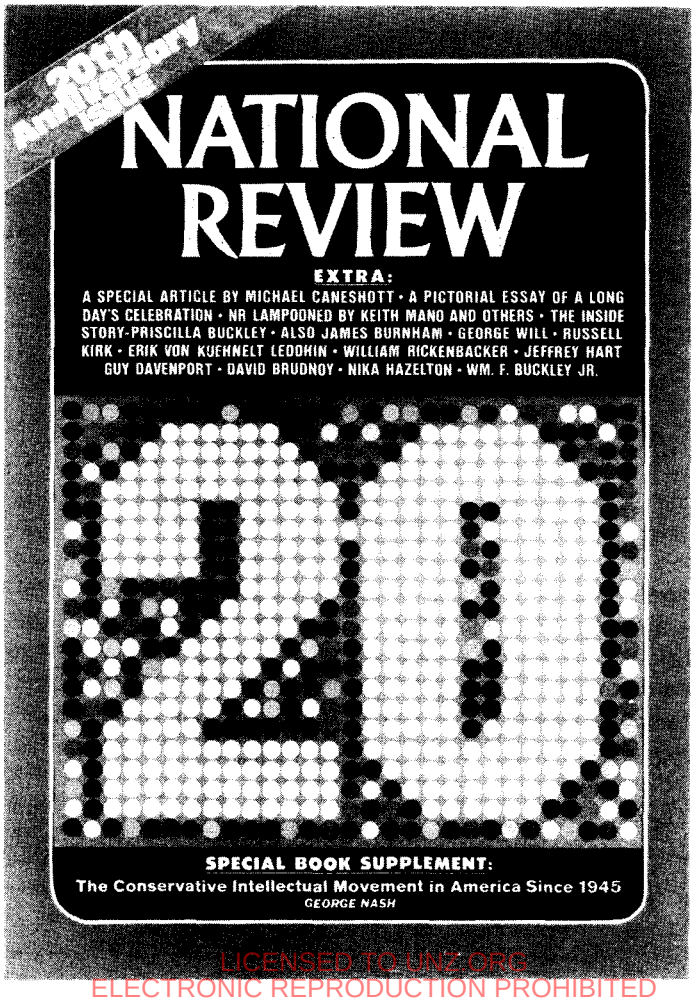
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number of pupils than previously will be able to graduate from the eighth grade. The genius of the breakthrough lay in its simplicity. They changed the reading test. In the new one a much larger role appears to be played by . . . pictures.

■ The House of Representatives, tirelessly working to make consumption safe, has issued a report on the Consumer Product Safety Commission Improvements Act of 1975, a report that makes *NR* feel safer already: "Section 11 amends section 7(a) of the Act to provide that no consumer product safety standard or other agency action relating to a consumer product safety standard may provide that a consumer product is in compliance with a safety standard by reason of the fact that the product is part of a class or other grouping of consumer products which was tested for compliance with the safety standard on a sample or other basis which does not require that each product in the class or grouping be tested and be found to comply with the standard."

■ Question of the week: Is it libel *per se* to state that Walter Cronkite once worked for the CIA?

The Big Baboon

Sure, cancer's given me a scare;
I breathe the gook that's in the air,
I eat the dye that's in the cake,
And when I bathe at beach or lake,
I understand the glop I gulp
May turn my liver into pulp.
But if one Concorde were to land,
I do not think my prostate gland
Would shrivel like a ripened prune
As Nader does, the big baboon.

W. H. von Dreele

Road to New Hampshire

Every presidential election is unique, but this one is more so. On the one hand an incumbent but non-elected President faces a formidable challenge from within his own party and conceivably could be knocked out of the race during the first eight weeks. Over on the other side a multiplicity of candidacies reflects more than the flowering of individual ambition. Like the Republican Party, the Democrats are confronting squarely for the first time since 1932 the issue of institutional identity, and the dozen or so contenders offer a spectrum of possibilities both stylistic and substantive.

It is by no means certain that the Democratic Party remains viable as a single political institution. No candidate, however agile, may be able to reconcile its contradictions. One large and articulate bloc of Democrats frown on economic growth, worship at the shrine of ecology, reject the assumptions that have informed our foreign policy since 1945, delight in the wonderful personalities and problems of the Third World, think we are on the wrong side of the world revolutionary impulse, and favor "liberation" in all of its modes except from the requirement of riding the bus of racial balance. Glowering across at these Democrats is another large group of, yes, Democrats—who favor economic growth, patriotism, and social conservatism, and would not care if the Third World sank into the Ganges.

At the moment, former Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter is the strategically interesting candidate. He is running as a centrist Democrat; that is, he is running on the assumption that somehow the disparate Democratic groupings can come together behind a centrist candidate without too much slippage on either flank. This strategy, however, has begun to involve him in what may be an untenable ambiguity. Though Carter is an attractive man and ran strongly in Iowa, he has begun to suffer from a credibility gap, not because he is a charlatan but because he may be trying to reconcile the irreconcilable. In Iowa, Carter appears to have got out of town just in time, leaving behind the impression that he was for and against restricting abortion, for and against amnesty, for and against deregulation, for and against higher agricultural subsidies, for and against deals with the Soviets. Whether Carter can contain all these and other contradictions remains to be seen. It appears more likely that, like the man strapped to two bent trees, he will be torn apart and destroyed.

To the left of Carter, Morris Udall presents himself as the purist McGovern-type candidate, though he is prudently muting McGovern's moralistic fury. He is strong on the campuses, naturally, and as he approaches New Hampshire after a weak showing in Iowa he has been picking up predictable endorsements from neo-puritans in Cambridge, Massachusetts and elsewhere. Udall has been campaigning in New Hampshire long enough to establish residency there and vote in the primary himself, and if he comes up with another weak showing he may fade completely. Fred Harris, running as a sweatier Udall, caters to those who prefer their lib-chic country-style. Birch Bayh comes to New Hampshire as the man from big labor. Sargent Shriver, gazing northward across the border from Massachusetts, seems mainly to hope that Camelot somehow remains a political plus despite all the skeletons and party girls that keep leaping out of the closets and into the headlines.

To the right of Carter, George Wallace's huge margin of victory in the Mississippi caucuses shows that his organization is functioning smoothly and puts to rest reports of his political demise. Henry Jackson's continuing invisibility suggests that his sole hope for survival lies in the large Jewish vote in New York, which he has been assiduously cultivating.

One month before the New Hampshire voting, an in-

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depth *Newsweek* survey concluded: "With a well-organized network of supporters and a vigorous personal campaign, Ronald Reagan has built a significant early lead over Gerald Ford. . . . Whether the Ford organization can quickly take hold in the months ahead and turn the tide remains the most important unanswered question of the New Hampshire contest." Private polling supports this *Newsweek* conclusion. Reagan, moreover, appears to be running at least as strongly in Florida.

When the flurry developed early last month over Reagan's $90-billion program-transfer plan, many commentators suggested that Reagan had trapped himself in something akin to George McGovern's ill-fated 1972 Demogrant proposal. This estimate appears to have been wide of the mark. The voters perceived McGovern's plan as signaling his intention to "redistribute" middle-class income downward to the welfare class. That intention was much more important, and damaging to McGovern, than any of the hazy details of his scheme. Reagan's plan has been perceived as signaling an intention quite different from McGovern's. Reagan wants the average taxpayer to keep more of his income in his own pocket, and more of it closer to home where he can have a greater degree of control over it. That intention accords perfectly with widespread voter sentiment, and the $90-billion plan therefore appears to be turning out as a plus for Reagan rather than a liability.

Ford's Economic Gimmicks

President Ford's State of the Union Message missed a rare opportunity to offer real leadership on the causes of a sick economy, and instead offered only a variety of dubious gimmicks:

→ Accelerated depreciation for plant and equipment expenditures in areas of high unemployment would divert capital into areas where existing plants can't be operated at a profit, and penalize those cities and states that have heretofore provided a favorable business climate.

→ Boosting payroll taxes to finance the usual election-year increases in Social Security and unemployment benefits would make it more costly for employers to hire more workers.

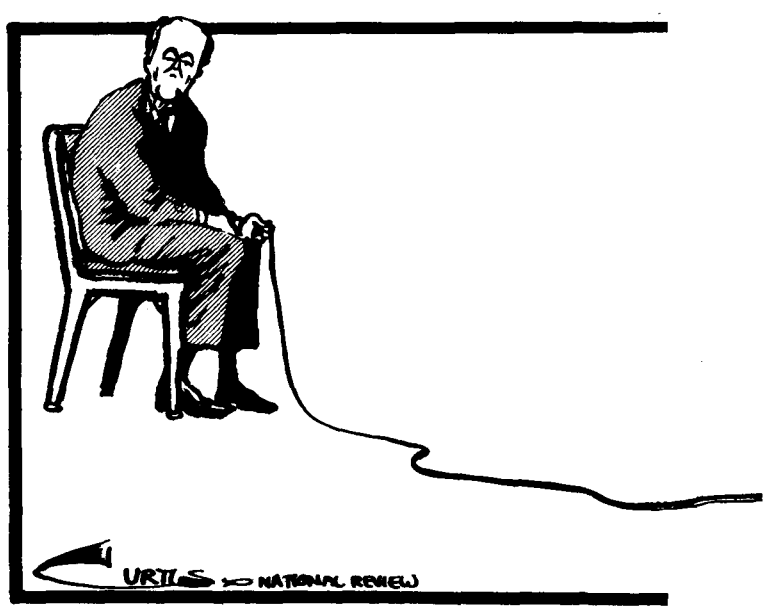
→ Tax deferral for investments in common stock would soon be capitalized in higher stock prices and lower yields, giving most of the benefit to existing stockholders. Because any such money would have to stay locked into stocks for seven years in order to qualify for the tax break, the plan would make capital less mobile and make it harder for new firms to raise funds in the stock market.

→ The proposal to save the "family farm," whatever its merits, neglected to mention that nearly all "corporate farms" are actually family-owned farms which incorporated for tax reasons or to divide an estate.

The President also attempted to close debate on issues that urgently need debating. Alternatives to Social Security are, we were told, "no longer debatable." Nor is this "the right time for massive and sweeping changes" in the welfare mess. Revenue sharing must continue, said President Ford, because otherwise "local units of government will have to drop programs" that would never merit the approval of local taxpayers.

The strongest part of the President's message is the part that nobody really believes—the talk about slowing the growth of federal spending. In the first half of the speech, the President talked about restraining spending and deficits; in the second half, he enumerated several proposals for increasing spending and reducing taxes. President Ford reversed his earlier support of nationalizing the health industry, for example, and instead supported only a taxpayer-financed catastrophic health insurance. If people really wanted such insurance, it has long been readily available from private insurers at low cost. Only about two million of the 184 million people under age 65 incur health bills over $3,000 in any one year. (Those over 65 are already covered by Medicare.) Even the Long-Ribicoff bill would leave the patient or private insurer paying the first $2,000 of medical bills, yet its $9-billion annual cost works out to $4,500 apiece for those two million people.

Disappointing as the President's proposals were, they looked positively brilliant when compared with the New Deal revival being peddled by the Democrats. "The liberals within the Democratic camp," according to Leonard Silk of the *New York Times*, "are currently talking about a spending total of about $415 billion for the 1977 fiscal year." All sorts of miracles are supposed to flow from this 5 per cent increase over President Ford's bloated budget. "By deliberately holding down the rate at which the economy can pull itself out of stagnation," says a *New York Times* editorial, "the President's policies would cost the nation some $150 billion annually" in "real goods and services." Even on extremely naive Keynesian assumptions, however, the



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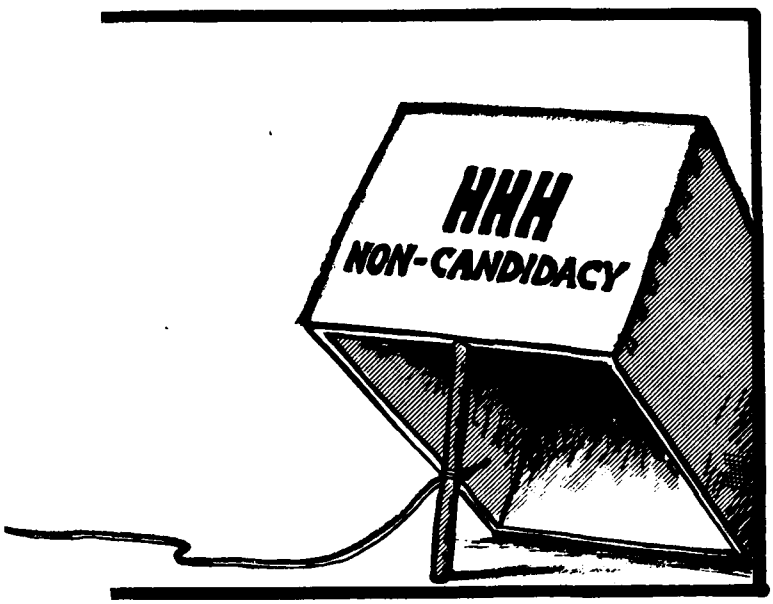
so-called "multiplier effect" of deficit spending is never alleged to be more than triple. Another $20 billion would therefore mean only a $60-billion rise in total spending at best, and it would take a brave economist indeed to predict how much of that would eventually be dissipated by inflation.

Senator Muskie's reply to the President strongly implied that the way to more production of privately produced goods and services was through a larger government and much less corporate wealth. That sort of alchemy turns gold into lead.

One, Two, How Many Angolas?

"The lesson that is being learned all over Africa is that the Soviet Union stands by its friends and the United States does not." So "a West European diplomat" stationed in Zaire is quoted as summarizing the significance of the Angolan affair. As 500 Soviet specialists, 12,000 Cuban regulars, and their MPLA pupils, along with scores of Soviet tanks, an expanding squadron of MiG-21s, plus tens of thousands of Soviet missiles, cannon, and submachine guns, strike north and south against the feebly armed forces of the anti-Communist FNLA and UNITA, who can dispute him?

It is pointless to try to assign precise portions of responsibility for our Angolan policy vacuum. True, it was Congress that voted a prohibition on aid of any kind to any of the Angolan groups. But the House tally of 323 to 99 on January 26, following up the Senate's 54 to 22 vote in December, would not have been possible if the members of Congress had not had adequate evidence that they were expressing the opinion of an overwhelming majority of their constituents. And curiously enough, no one in the Administration—not the President nor the Secretary of State—ever formally proposed to Congress that it authorize support to block this Soviet thrust into southern Africa. (What support was given came from unmarked funds under White House control.) Nor had the Administration either proposed or taken any sanctions against the Soviet Union, the principal in the case, although many were feasible—a halt in grain shipments, cutoff of high technology exports, suspension of SALT negotiations, refusal of further monetary credits, speed-up in development of new weapons systems, etc. On the contrary, the Secretary of State journeyed to Moscow to make new compromises on SALT as if all were quiet on the global front. It is possible to feel some sympathy for House Speaker Carl Albert's comment on the President's letter expressing "grave concern over the international consequences of the situation in Angola." Mr. Albert scornfully dismissed this last minute message as "a typical Ford operation—wave your hand, make a gesture, and that's the end of it. . . . One thing about foreign aid, military aid, or war itself: you either do enough or you're better off not doing anything."



American public opinion remains still traumatized into narcissistic introversion by the ravages of Vietnam and Watergate. Let it be granted that in this pathological state the nation's foreign policy and strategy would be crippled even with the most dynamic leadership. But if the leaders, too, have succumbed to the disease, there is not much chance for early recovery.

Have we really adopted, in practice, the policy that we will not interfere with Soviet aggression anywhere in the world? But surely even Congress must agree that the line must be drawn somewhere. Where, then, gentlemen, do you propose to draw it?

Ghosts at the Banquet

On January 20 Indira Gandhi celebrated her first decade as prime minister of the second most populous nation on earth. When she entered office India was the world's largest democracy; her citizens totaled more than half of all the human beings living under democratic government. Today India is a dictatorship, denying virtually all civil rights, in which Mrs. Gandhi has become the focus of a swelling "cult of personality," ruling as this century's first female big-power führer.

But it is as difficult to confine India's involuted, multiform society within a rigid political structure as it would be to put the multilimbed Shiva into a straitjacket. There remains no legal opposition: it has vanished from the parliament (Lok Sabha) into either jail or self-imposed withdrawal; the new decrees prohibit opposition speech, publication, organization, and assembly. However, in the struggle against the British Raj for independence, Mahatma Gandhi (to whom, as it happens, Indira Gandhi is not related either directly or by marriage) taught Indians other modes of opposition not included in the Westminster protocol. Suddenly, last November, a *satyagraha*—a Gandhian passive resistance

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movement—came into being and for two months, ending in mid-January, spread throughout India. In every city and province Indians went to police stations and asked to be arrested. Mrs. Gandhi's police complied often enough to take into custody 80,000 persons, 5,000 in the capital alone. This has raised the number of Mrs. Gandhi's political prisoners to more than 140,000. They are not much trouble to the police and wardens; they don't engage in riots or violent revolts, and they don't eat much. But for a moment at least Mrs. Gandhi must have felt herself confronting the ghost of the Mahatma come to haunt her banquet.

Among the 140,000 there is no member of India's large, Moscow-linked Communist Party; its members are, indeed, her ardent supporters and its leaders among her foremost aides and advisors. Can it be that this is the reason, or a good part of the reason, why Mrs. Gandhi and her despotism enjoy so remarkable an immunity from criticism in the global media and the halls of the United Nations?

No Talking in Church

Not all the revelations in the *New York Times* appear on the front page. Regular columnist William Safire has found a few tidbits of news that he alone has seen fit to stress. Like: 1) The September 27, 1967 memo from John Doar, then Assistant Attorney General (and more recently of Watergate fame) to his boss, Attorney General Ramsey Clark. The memo laid out a plan for snooping on dissidents—the kind of thing which, when done by Nixon people or the CIA, causes apoplexy in the journalistic profession. But not when done by Kennedy men. Did Senator Church's Select Committee ever ask Doar or Clark to explain? No.

2) Nicholas Katzenbach, Robert Kennedy's deputy and then successor as Attorney General, angrily demanded an apology from Safire when he suggested that Katzenbach had condoned the wiretapping and bugging of Martin Luther King—for which J. Edgar Hoover has been so much maligned. Great was Katzenbach's professed surprise when confronted with his handwritten initials on the eavesdropping report. Did Senator Church bore in on the issue? No.

3) Roswell Gilpatrick was the highest-ranking JFK aide working on the war against Cuba. As such he probably knows all about a plan for incapacitating Cuban sugar workers by spraying a chemical on them—a plan that was canceled, according to Church committee staffers, "after a study showed the plan to be unfeasible." Why was the plan to use the chemical (which had a mortality rate of "only 3 per cent") scrapped? It wasn't; it was postponed—and that only because a) harvest time had passed, and b) sufficient quantities of the chemical couldn't be rounded up at that time. Did Church grill Gilpatrick or release the memo? No.

4) One of the wiretaps approved by Robert Kennedy when he was Attorney General was on a Washington law firm. Did you hear about that from Church's committee? No.

5) A key witness who might have told much about the Kennedy-CIA-Mafia link was murdered shortly before he was to testify. Did Senator Church demand an investigation by the FBI? No.

When it comes to unpleasantries about Camelot and Kennedy types, mum's the word for the Church group. Safire points to an interesting connection among some of the figures. Katzenbach, Gilpatrick, and Senator Church's staff counsel F. A. O. Schwarz are all part of the IBM/Cravath, Swaine & Moore axis (Cravath is the giant New York law firm that represents IBM). It was Burke Marshall (Ted Kennedy's Chappaquiddick advisor) who recommended Schwarz to Church. Count the connections, says Safire. Count the coverups. And wonder. Not only at the press's hushing up this sort of stuff in its news columns. But also at the failure of the Republicans—senators, representatives, and committees—to get out the facts.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Sirs,

All right, all right—I surrender! You win!

I beg you, I entreat you from the collective heart of hearts of all NATIONAL REVIEW readers:

WHO IS RICHARD ROVERE AND WHY ARE YOU SAYING ALL THOSE NASTY THINGS ABOUT HIM?

Sincerely from my heart of hearts,
Carl Wernicke
Pensacola, Florida

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Having resolved about six months ago to become a conservative, I found it appropriate to also become a subscriber to NATIONAL REVIEW.

Actually, I am writing with a request for some information. I would appreciate being told who is Richard Rovere and how he comes to merit your constant attention. What does he do for a living? What is the process whereby you ascertain on a bi-weekly basis what he "believes in his heart of hearts"? And why is that of any significance to conservatives?

May I respectfully suggest the possibility that on occasion the effort of your staff may be directed too narrowly to remain within the periphery of the New York circle? Your group would appear to enjoy certain in-house jokes that are not easy to share. Sincerely,

Sidney Zecher
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

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Dear Mr. Buckley:

I think the enclosed letter from Mr. Richard Rovere requires an explanation from you. You will note that he denies all but one of the allegations you have falsely imputed to him. It is appalling that you should fabricate such charges about so distinguished a journalist.

Edith Duchesne
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Miss Duchesne:

Thank you ever so much for calling to my attention those absurd assertions about me in NATIONAL REVIEW. I seldom any longer look at the magazine, for I get as much Buckley as I care to from his newspaper column and find, when I have looked at NATIONAL REVIEW, that it's as predictable as it always has been and that one need hardly read it to know what positions are being taken. I gather that most of my friends feel as I do, for no one but you has spotted these references to me.

I really don't know what to make of them or what to do about them. I notice they are unsigned and appear in a column titled "The Week," a kind of editorial grab bag. Buckley is the only person on the staff whom I know even slightly, and, though I have slight regard for him, I find it hard to believe that he would be writing about what, "in [my] heart of hearts," I feel about anything. With a single exception, I don't hold any of the beliefs attributed to me. The exception is free education; I don't think I could defend the proposition that "everyone" has a "right" to it. Nor do I know of anyone else who believes this. I think that society has an obligation to prepare its citizens for the kind of life that most can expect to lead, which is something very different. On the other matters—imperialism, segregation, the use of torture—my views are exactly the opposite of those attributed to me.

I suppose I ought to set the matter straight in a letter to the magazine, but I find the thought of responding to such foolishness most depressing. In any case, thank you again for letting me know of all this.

Sincerely,
Richard H. Rovere

Dear Miss Duchesne:

You are correct, the time has come to terminate our little serial on The Secret Life of Richard Rovere.

Perhaps you will not be so reproachful if I explain to you what happened. One of our junior editors, strolling in the secondhand book store shopping area a few months ago, chanced on a copy of *Suicide of the West*, by our colleague, James Burnham. The book was then out of print (it has since been reissued by Arlington House) and rare; so he gratefully picked it up and bought it. Back home, he opened it and, to his surprise, saw, handwritten on the flyleaf, "Richard H. Rovere, Rhinebeck, 1964." Now, I know Mr. Rovere only slightly, but on being shown the signature, I identified it as indisputably his own. Our editor, in fact, had picked up the copy of *Suicide of the West* once owned by Richard Rovere.

So what, you say? It is hardly as if he had picked up John Stuart Mill's copy of Bentham, after the reading of which Mill wrote in his journal, "The scales fell from my eyes." Clearly the scales have never fallen from the eyes of Richard Rovere. But—patience. On page 39 of his book, James Burnham attempted, for the first time that we know of, a "diagnostic test" designed to reveal whether a person is, by contemporary standards, a liberal or a conservative. He asked the reader to say Yes or No to 39 different propositions. And, in Mr. Rovere's copy, these were dutifully filled in: a "Yes" or a "No" appearing before each one. You will have guessed that we quoted Mr. Rovere examining his own conscience and subscribing to a number of positions the contrary of which are held by liberals.

Do you remember what happened shortly thereafter? Well, Rovere dropped out of sight. He says he has no friends who have seen NATIONAL REVIEW; leaving the question unanswered: how many friends does he have . . . who read . . . anything? We surmise that the great and prolonged silence of Richard Rovere since those noisy days when he wrote everywhere, is the result of his finding out about himself—that he was not, in his heart of hearts, everything he had supposed himself to be. He tried to expunge his heresies by selling his book to a secondhand store—but of course, the eyes of NATIONAL REVIEW are everywhere, like its readers.

Cordially,
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Loved your column today about "Bill" and "Mister" (*NR*, p. 1437, Dec. 19). (I still hate you, though.)

Seymour Blair
18 Stuyvesant Oval
New York, New York

—WFB

Devolution

When England ruled the seven seas
  As well as palm and pine,
A Scotsman wasn't hard to please
  At home or on the brine.
His legendary closeness was
  An asset to the Queen;
He patronized his English coz
  And fleeced the *fellahin*.
But Britain's been diminishing,
  While Scotland's all aboil
With memories of kirk and king
  And Bobby Burns . . . and oil.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Waiting for Lefty

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

IN *NR*'S ISSUE dated January 23 I discussed the democratic credo proclaimed jointly last November by Georges Marchais and Enrico Berlinguer, chiefs of the French and Italian Communist parties. This document raises both the historical problem of the nature of Communism and the derivative practical problem of non-Communist tactics in relation to Communism. Are Communist parties the same sort of political party as the other parties—liberal, conservative, socialist, Christian Democrat, etc.—that we recognize as legitimate political formations within a democratic, pluralist regime? Is it a permissible tactic for a non-Communist democratic party to join a Communist party in a united or popular front? Is it consistent with the objective of preserving a democratic, pluralist regime that a Communist party should be in the government?

Henry Kissinger, according to *Der Spiegel*'s story, predicted a Marxist Western Europe within a decade. The political moves that will prove him right or wrong are going to be made a lot sooner than that—perhaps even this year, by 1977 almost certainly. In Portugal the Communist Party is already a member of the coalition government. In Italy the Communist Party is a constituent—mostly the dominant constituent—of the governments of thousands of smaller towns and every large city except Rome, and will probably win Rome this spring. The last local election showed Communists running only two percentage points behind the Christian Democrats. A new general election must come no later than next year, and may come this year. In France's last presidential election, the United Front ran less than two percentage points behind Giscard; the next election comes in 1977. If Juan Carlos' regime flops, the Spanish Communists expect to be part of any government that might take its place.

The Softening Up

To prepare for the integration of the Communist parties within the West European political structure, a softening-up campaign is currently going forward. The Marchais-Berlinguer declaration was a key maneuver in this campaign. The Kremlin's detente theme furnishes a continuing backup. Career-minded socialists, with hearts set on attaining governmental posts beyond the reach of their own party's electoral performance, explain how today's pluralist democracy not only permits but requires the participation of Communist parties. "I know some people contend that Communists cannot participate in establishing a healthy democracy," remarked François Mitterrand to the European Socialist conference at Helsingor (Hamlet's Elsinore) in Denmark. "Some say they have no concept of democracy. I don't believe it." And shifting from ideology to the nitty: "The Communists are too powerful to ignore in nations such as France, Italy, Portugal, Finland [enlightening addition!], and possibly Spain." Then back to ideology: "Links with worker-based Communist parties are crucial to strengthening democracy."

But the softening-up squad also gains recruits from the non-Marxist sectors, from the mass media, and from not a few spokesmen for the businesses and banks dreaming of profits flowing from a domesticated Communism. The word goes out about the convergence of Communism and capitalism, the democratization of the mass Communist parties in the advanced Western nations, the bright hopes for reconciliation with the Communists once they are accepted as legitimate fellow-citizens.

There still arise, however, discordant counters to this swelling prothalamium. In that same rendezvous at Elsinore, West German Chancellor and social democrat Helmut Schmidt commented disdainfully that his opinions are "fundamentally different from Mitterrand's," and summed up unqualifiedly: "We see no reason to engage in any kind of cooperation with the Communists." A week after the Marchais-Berlinguer declaration, the Italian bishops, reinforced by an endorsement from the Vatican (perhaps roused from the decade of *aggiornamento* slumber by the shadow of *Roma Rossa* —Red Rome), reasserted the incompatibility of Communism and Christianity.

In France, Jean-François Revel, a well-known journalist associated with Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber in the influential weekly *L'Express*, has enlarged the public dispute with his *La Tentation Totalitaire* (*The Totalitarian Temptation*). Revel is what the French call "a man of the Left," and this fact magnifies the effect of his book, to which *L'Express* allotted nearly all its issue of January 12-18. Revel, addressing democrats and social democrats, asserts that collaboration with Communists must prove disastrous.

"The illusion of Left-liberals who favor collaboration with Communists consists in believing that there can be a Communism other than Stalinism. But Stalinism is the essence of Communism. What varies is not the Stalinist system but merely the greater or lesser rigor with which it is applied. You can't shoot and imprison everybody all the time. You're not required to send in tanks every day to re-establish the Stalinist order in a friendly country. What counts is the results. . . . Khrushchev and Brezhnev are no less Stalinist than Stalin in this basic sense that they upheld and uphold his system. They sent troops into satellite nations when that was necessary. They were merely less bloody than Stalin. . . . But the police apparatus, the arbitrary arrests, the camps, the entire totalitarian system of control over people and ideas continued. And it could not have been otherwise. Whether at Moscow, Peking, or Hanoi, a Communism that tried not to be Stalinist would destroy itself."

In the world progress of Stalinism, Revel assigns a major role to "the *docility* toward Stalinism [=Communism] and toward the Soviet Union that has developed within the democratic societies." Among examples he mentions Mitterrand's statement, made before he left for his Moscow visit last year, that it would not be appropriate for him to bring up the subject of Czechoslovakia. Just as, let's say, it was inappropriate for President Ford to meet Solzhenitsyn. □

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Letter from the Edge of Detente

Now the East Germans have shiny new barbed wire fences—with clever little bombs that go off at waist level. Guess where the bombs are made. Where they make the rope

JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY

We lunch with the young troopers of the 2nd Squadron, 2nd Armored Cavalry Regiment, in their dining facility. "Mess hall" is passé in this modern volunteer Army which, for the first time in its history, is spending more to feed and pay its soldiers than it is to arm and train them. The food is good. We have our choice of a four-course hot meal with three types of meat or a quick lunch of the hot dog/hamburger/French fry variety. The soldiers look like garrison troops anywhere in Europe, except that many of the NCOs and officers carry .45 calibre automatic pistols in shoulder holsters. The .45 has been the standard issue sidearm of the United States Army since 1911, and was lately publicized by Lynette Fromme's choice of it for her misadventure. I hope that the soldiers of the 2nd Cavalry are more proficient in its use.

Forty of us are directed to a tour bus by a polite, double-starched Staff Sergeant who will be our guide. His pistol has a magazine inserted in the grip. We leave the post and drive through the nearby city of Hof.

"Note the 'DDR' [German Democratic Republic] decal on the rear of the truck coming up on our right," says the guide, pointing out a parked vehicle. "West Germany places no restriction on the movement of East German vehicles. The East, however, does. Look carefully and you will see the extra gas tanks welded to the bottom of the truck. The East German government forbids its drivers to purchase gasoline while they are in West Germany, because to do so would support the West's economy." All drivers are married men with children across the border. They come back.

We are beyond the city of Hof, passing through smaller villages, heading toward the border. Suddenly we stop in front of a token barrier erected by the West to mark the formal dividing line between the Federal Republic and the Soviet zone. It is merely a horizontal pole, painted barbershop style. It gets your attention, but could not stop you. A few feet behind that stands a large red-lettered sign; behind that begin the fences, and then the back side of a six-story shoe factory less than 200 meters from where I stand. We move around outside the bus and see a few workers at the windows, but they move quickly away. A guard tower off to our right looks deserted on this dark, cloudy day, but is not. The shoe factory was owned by the same family for 204 years, beginning in 1741. I ask my wife, and she translates the sign behind the barber pole. "Thirty years of freedom, thirty years of joy." Ideological fanatics do not embarrass easily.

We get back on the bus but drive only a few kilometers before our next stop, which offers more of the same: grimy factories, guard towers off in the distance, lots of barbed wire, wide-angle views of tiny grey villages. But they have saved the best for last.

At our final stop I get off the bus and look up. Binoculars at the face of a boy in an East German uniform look back at me from the tower. He lowers them, writes something down with his free hand, then raises them again as I move off. Have I finally made an Enemies List?

Our guide leads us to the bank of a river, and we congregate around another barber pole. The river is a filthy stream, and beyond its other bank is an East German town, the largest we have seen. Ramshackle buildings, peeling paint, dirty windows—anyone who has visited West Germany can appreciate the sad and startling contrast.

"We're actually standing at the legal border," says the guide, "but the Communists build their fences a hundred or so meters within the outer limits of their territory." They do it that way so

Captain Rehyansky enlisted in the Army during the Vietnam years, is 29 years old and a lawyer. He notes that his views do not purport to reflect those of the Department of the Army, the Department of Defense, or the United States Government.

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that even if an occasional enterprising escapee does make it through the minefields, between the searchlights, beyond the killer dogs, and over the two rows of fences, he can still be sprayed with 9mm submachine-gun fire from the towers without causing too much international outcry because he is still on Communist soil.

Our guide's voice sharpens with contempt when he speaks of the East. The contempt is genuine. He has done five years of border duty on two different assignments with the same regiment in his 12-year Army career.

"But some of 'em keep trying," he says. He tells us about a few attempts made near this spot. A young East German truck driver, fortified with 18 beers, charged his truck down the access road one night. Miraculously, he hit no mines. The truck crashed both fences, ran over and killed at least one guard dog, and ground to a halt at the river bank, bullets slamming into the cab every second. The driver jumped from the truck and swam to freedom. An hour later he was examined by a physician who pronounced him uninjured, healthy—and sober. The young man subsequently expressed a wish to settle in Frankfurt and resume his old occupation. He now drives a delivery truck: "a beer truck," says our guide with a satisfied smile.

One night a tower guard tried it. He knew where the mines were and avoided them, and kept his weapon to fend off the dogs. His companion in the tower yelled once for him to turn back, then opened fire. He ran the last few meters, then swam the stream with two holes in his back, and was nearly dead when the Western patrol pulled him from the water. He recovered. We do not return Communist fire unless the rounds impact on what we recognize as West German territory, or unless the firing constitutes a direct threat to American lives or property.

Further north, but still along the border, an American tank was flagged down one night a few months ago as it rumbled through a West German village. Two bedraggled men, one in his late twenties and the other about forty, were taken aboard. They spoke neither English nor German, and it was soon established that they were Poles. They had crossed the Polish-East German frontier carrying a little food and less money, walked across East Germany, and ended their incredible odyssey by slipping through the Iron Curtain undetected. Once on the other side, they wandered around for hours, unable to find anyone to whom they could turn themselves in, until the American cavalry patrol drove through town.

ALL OF THESE incidents occurred within the past year, but in this, the era of Apollo-Soyuz, to dwell on them is in poor taste. Even in Bavaria, the recent spectacular helicopter escape from Czechoslovakia to Bavaria was back-page news.

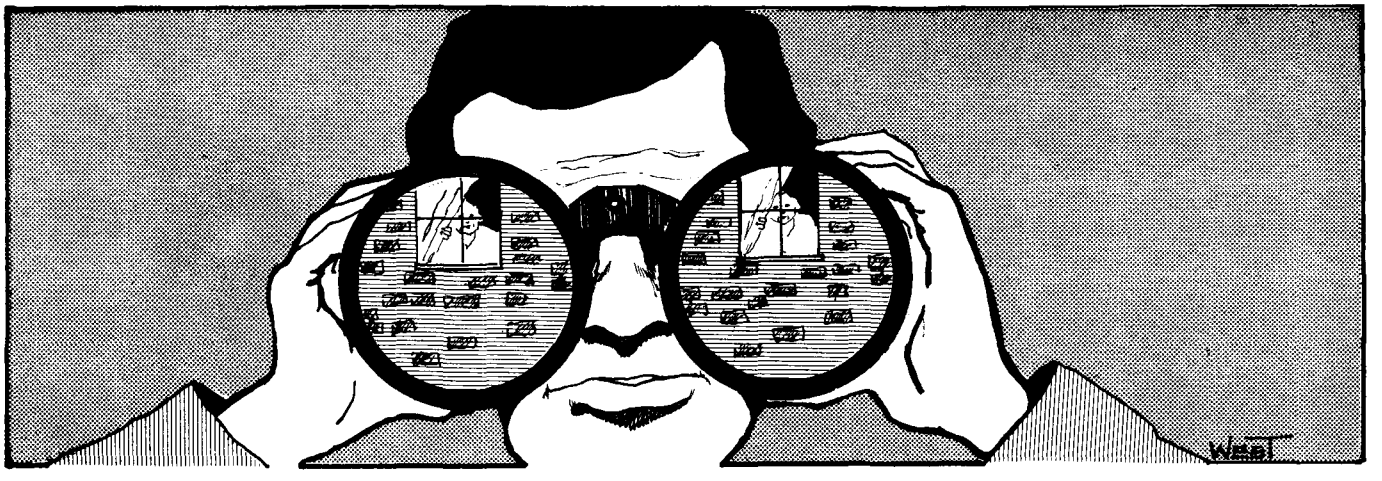
In the area where the Poles slipped through (and perhaps that's why), the Communists are replacing the old fence with a shiny new one equipped with hundreds of small mines that explode at waist level. It is being manufactured by a firm in Fulda, West Germany, pursuant to a private commercial contract, and sold to the East. Headquartered in Fulda is the American unit which patrols that section of the border. The old Lenin story about the bourgeoisie and the rope rings chillingly true.

"Don't wave! No gestures!" snaps the guide. Two members of our group quickly lower their hands. The East Germans can get into trouble for waving at us; we refrain from provoking them to return a gesture, be it friendly or obscene.

But we can look. I study the guards in the tower through my 10X binoculars. They are still watching us, taking turns with their glasses, making notes. All the tower guards are between the ages of 17 and 21. Perhaps teenagers, unfettered by emotional maturity, are more easily convinced that shooting down their departing countrymen is the right thing to do. The dogs are restless. I watch them as they pace back and forth and spar with one another. We are told that it is almost time for their daily feeding. They are not overfed. A few yards beyond the dogs three workers are digging on the eastern side of the farthest fence. A grey-uniformed guard leans against their truck, submachine gun slung under his arm.

I swing my binoculars into the city itself, and am reminded of Gary Cooper, walking the deserted streets of Hadleyville, alone and afraid, five minutes before the train carrying Frank Miller is due to arrive. Except that Hadleyville was cheerier. "Drab" conveys inadequately the atmosphere of Blankenstein. One would do as well describing the Battle of Gettysburg as "loud," or the end result in Vietnam as "unfortunate." In the Federal Republic, even in the smallest and poorest villages, the window sills, porches, and yards are covered with carefully tended

(Continues on page 170)



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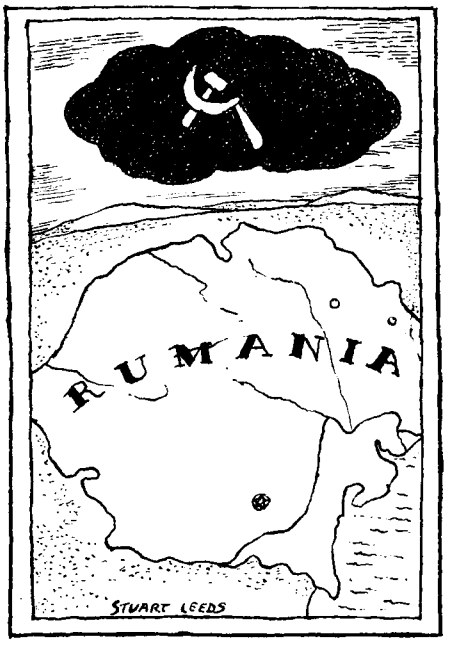

RUMANIA

The author visited the land of her birth to compare memories with current reality. She returned—home—all the more certain of reality

Where Quiet Desperation Reigns

JULIANA G. PILON

THE IMPRESSIONS most Americans have of Rumania (apart from Dracula, Frankenstein, and assorted vampires) come from the media, which have lately been reporting that the little Latin oasis in the Balkans is taking an "independent" stand from the Soviet Union on such issues as participation in Comecon (the East European EEC), the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, and the correct posture toward Israel. This has led many to believe that Rumania is becoming "freer," and that the Communist monolith is indeed a myth of the cold war. And who can fault the average American, in this era of an extra-terrestrial handshake, for failing to scrutinize this image? Detente in space must surely mean detente on earth.

I had not returned to Rumania since the day in 1961 when I left with my parents (who had been trying to emigrate for 17 years). I was anxious to revisit the land of my childhood, to compare impressions of my adolescent years with present reality. Talking to other Rumanian expatriates over the intervening decade had hardly led me to fantasize: I knew that Rumania had not become a land of milk and honey; not even of bread and margarine. But what I found was disquieting beyond expectation. Rumania is providing us, to use a phrase of Solzhenitsyn's, with "lessons from the future."

A preliminary note: every Rumanian who comes into contact with any Westerner must report not only that he has met and conversed with a foreigner but what they discussed as well. The secret police are everywhere; many such discussions have been taped. Given that Rumanian authorities have a record of everyone who talked to me at any length during my stay in the country, I must be discreet. And so I will relate here what I saw myself rather than what I was told.

I was struck by the poor condition of many of the quaint French-style buildings which had once earned Bucharest the title "the Paris of the Balkans." But the new buildings—almost exclusively high-rises—were even shabbier, certainly more cheaply constructed. A government tourist brochure or an American TV camera might, from a distance, convey the impression of "progress," missing the reality altogether. Flowers along some main roads helped the general appearance, but this was veneer; the parks beyond the tourist centers were overgrown with weeds. Dirt, neglect, decay —Bucharest has aged badly under Communism. I tasted its warm soft drinks, rode its steaming buses (instead of Pepsi-Cola, we should have exported Right Guard), lost money in its few but invariably inoperative public telephones, was followed by its ubiquitous special agents. I brought home to America memories of the inconveniences, the plain irrationality of Communist life.

In the West we take it for granted that shopkeepers are in business to do business, that they are anxious—sometimes excessively anxious—to do so. Not in Rumania. A foreigner may not be unceremoniously invited to leave a store, but it happens frequently to native Rumanians. On several occasions the salesman (shopkeepers are rare) flatly refused to serve me on the ground that the merchandise I was asking for was unavailable; he would be outraged when I pointed to the item in question. At other times he would let me wait for another salesman who, for reasons unknown, would never appear. The frustration surrounding the simple act of trying to buy something brought home how Westernized my expectations had become. But without the incentive to work—the pay is the same whether a sale is made or not made—why should the salesman be anxious to satisfy the customer? His employer—the government—will not go out of business. Next time you might go to another store and leave him alone.

For Sale

Or better, you might offer him a bribe. With many items—notably clothing—it is hard to find what you want without bribes. Even for such services as medical care bribes help; they will often persuade the doctor to examine you a bit more carefully before writing your prescription. Which should hardly be wondered at: doctors earn about $8 a day—an average salary—while rent

Mrs. Pilon holds a PhD in philosophy from the University of Chicago.

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is about $30 to $50 a month and a pound of boneless beef costs about $3. (So much for free medical care.) Almost anything is for sale, in one way or another: entrance to a university or vocational school, a better job, a reservation at some Black Sea hotel. (In this classless society such hotels are segregated into four classes: for Rumanians not belonging to the Party, Rumanian Party members, tourists from other Communist countries, and Westerners.)

Bribes and Bootleggers

So a familiar (but too little heeded) first lesson from the future: eliminate incentive, eliminate the market, and a black market will return—through the back door. The economy is not thereby revitalized: central planning has already done more harm than could ever be corrected by these feeble (and illegal) attempts to reintroduce incentive. Controls create shortages—there are lines for everything from oranges to fabrics. But bribes do not stimulate production, as higher prices do in a genuine market, so shortages persist.

Shortages persist for most Rumanians, that is, but not for the aristocracy, the dictators of the proletariat, with their special privileges: special hospitals, special cars, special status in society. When you impose egalitarianism, inequality re-enters by way of special treatment. Not for the best and the brightest, necessarily, but for the "ins" at the expense of the "outs." Most people in Rumania live in very crowded conditions (the average living space of one hundred square yards per household has resulted in the unsightly partitioning of old homes and apartments, in bloody quarrels among strangers sharing kitchens, and in married thirty-year-olds living with parents), but the new aristocracy lives in sumptuous old mansions. The elimination of differences in wealth has resulted in a polarity of opportunity: the "cans" versus the "cannots."

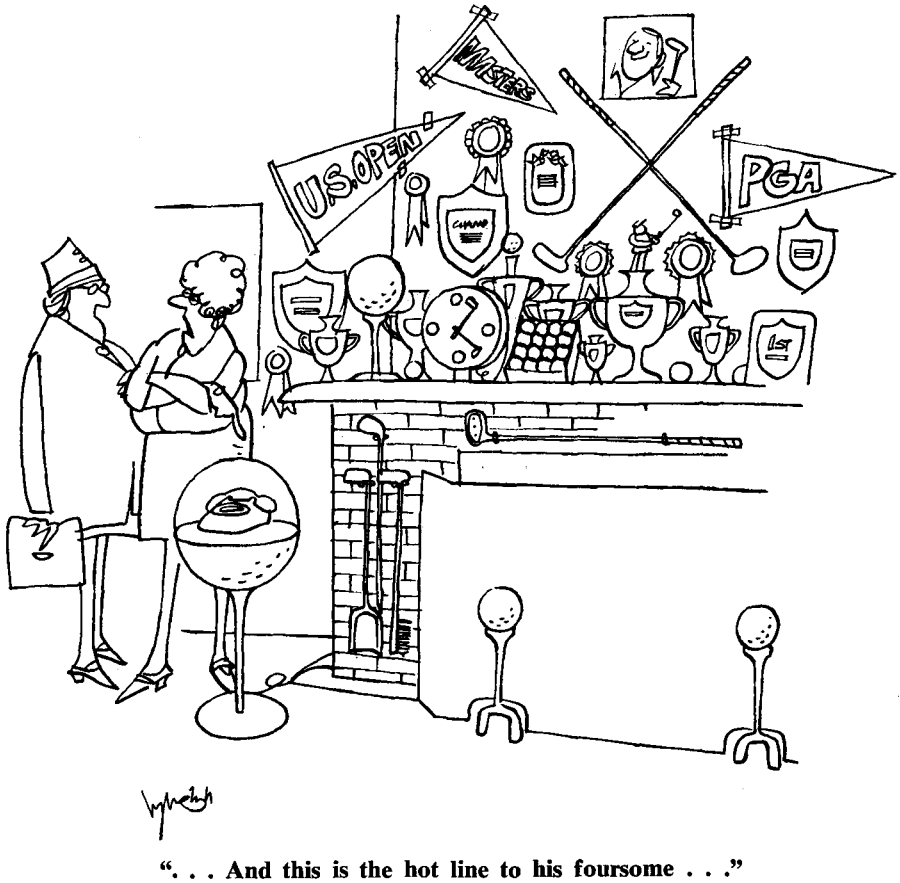
These day-in and day-out realities are, in the ultimate reckoning, relatively unimportant. The truly haunting image from Rumania is of the mind and soul. It is a picture of quiet desperation. Harassment, fatigue, fear, hunger, and boredom are gradually taking their toll. Even the children are tired. And little wonder, when their summers—there being no child labor laws—are spent doing "voluntary work" on such hard labor as construction. There are 16-year-olds engaged "voluntarily" in building those shabby new dwellings.

The sense that hope is fading is inescapable—certainly there is little hope for salvation from America. Rumanians have come to accept the reality of detente, which they see to be increasingly working to the advantage of their oppressor, Russia. Not that they do not continue to love America. They love it in spite of (often because of) the official propaganda against it: while envying us our wealth and despising us for our naïveté, while realizing that we are, indeed, becoming weaker, Rumanians continue to love America.

Now, No Hope

This belief, then, that no help is in sight constitutes the most striking change over what I remembered from 14 years ago. It is due in part to the unquestionably greater availability of foreign news and, therefore, more realistic appraisal of the world situation. Rumanians are not forbidden to read publications such as *Le Monde* and *Paris Match*; they listen to Radio Free Europe religiously, though information obtained from such capitalist sources cannot be openly discussed or commented upon. Even Solzhenitsyn is widely read, mostly in French editions. (All of which raises a little-noted point: the "free exchange of ideas" is useful only to those who have at least a chance of seeing these ideas applied. Otherwise it results in further frustration.) And they understand. They understand that the West isn't learning anything from the East, indeed is increasingly unwilling to learn. With great personal sadness, then, I had to conclude that Solzhenitsyn was right about the Third World War: South Vietnam is one victim, Rumania another.

Coming back to the States it seemed as if I had awakened from a bad dream. After beholding the land of shadows, like Plato's philosopher, one must begin to get used to the light. Yet amidst the health and joy of people here going about their business, there are echoes of another world. Obsession with "extensive" CIA buggings, consumer protection agencies, controls on oil, wheat deals . . . The dream refuses to go away. The Helsinki Conference—travesty, insult. The Hollow Men are whining, whimpering. □



". . . And this is the hot line to his foursome . . ."

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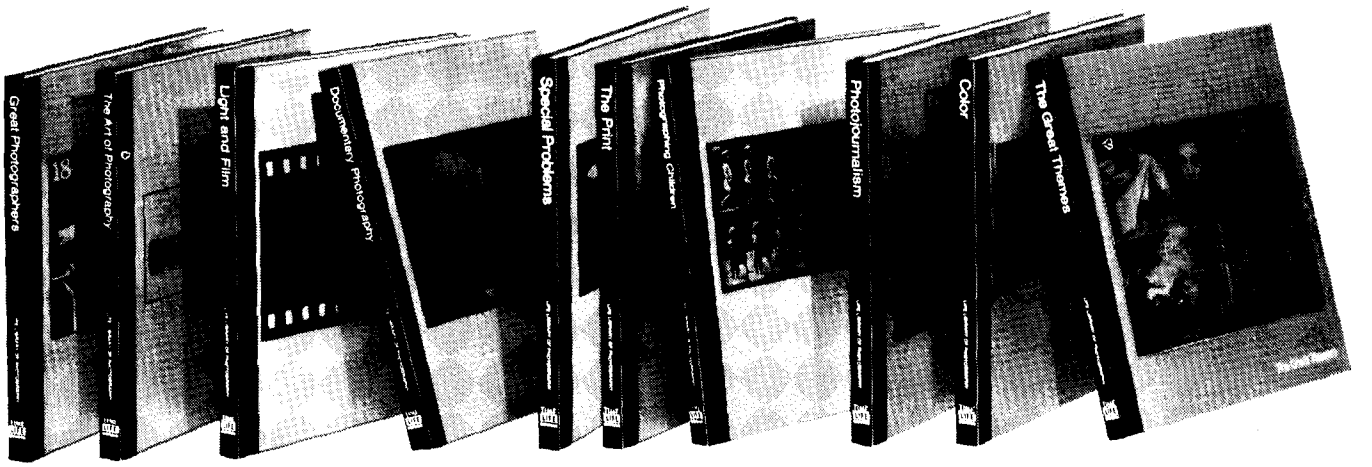

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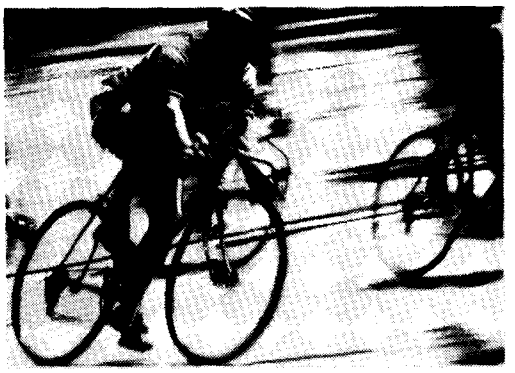

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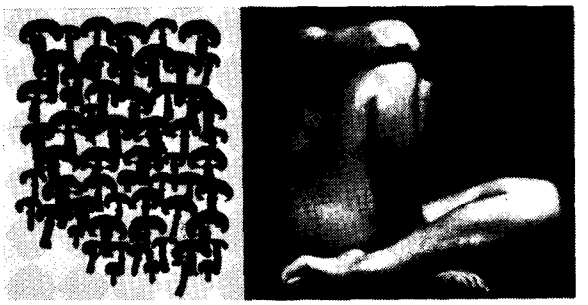

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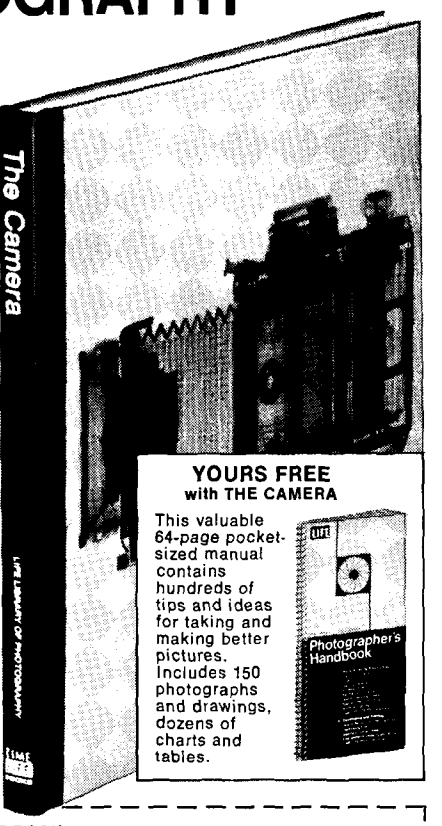

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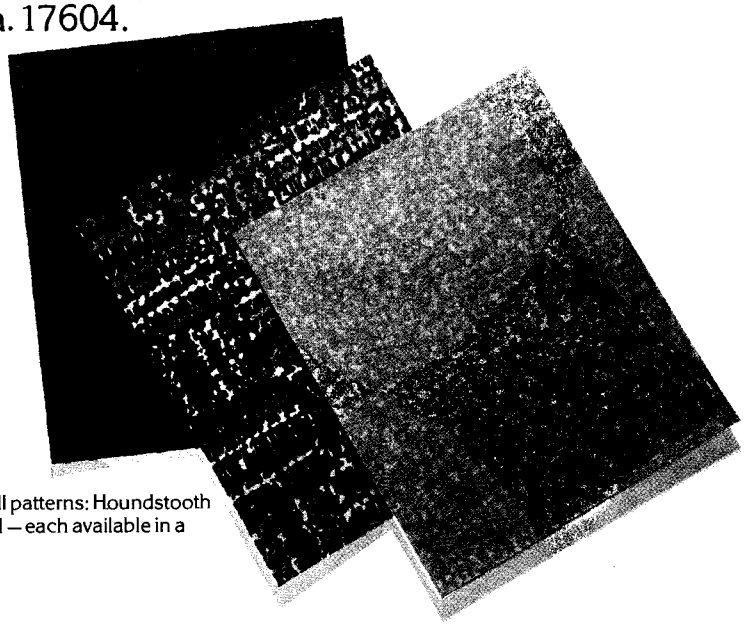

Shown left to right are the three Quiet Zone II patterns: Houndstooth Check, Random Texture, and Grand Central—each available in a range of colors to complement your decor.

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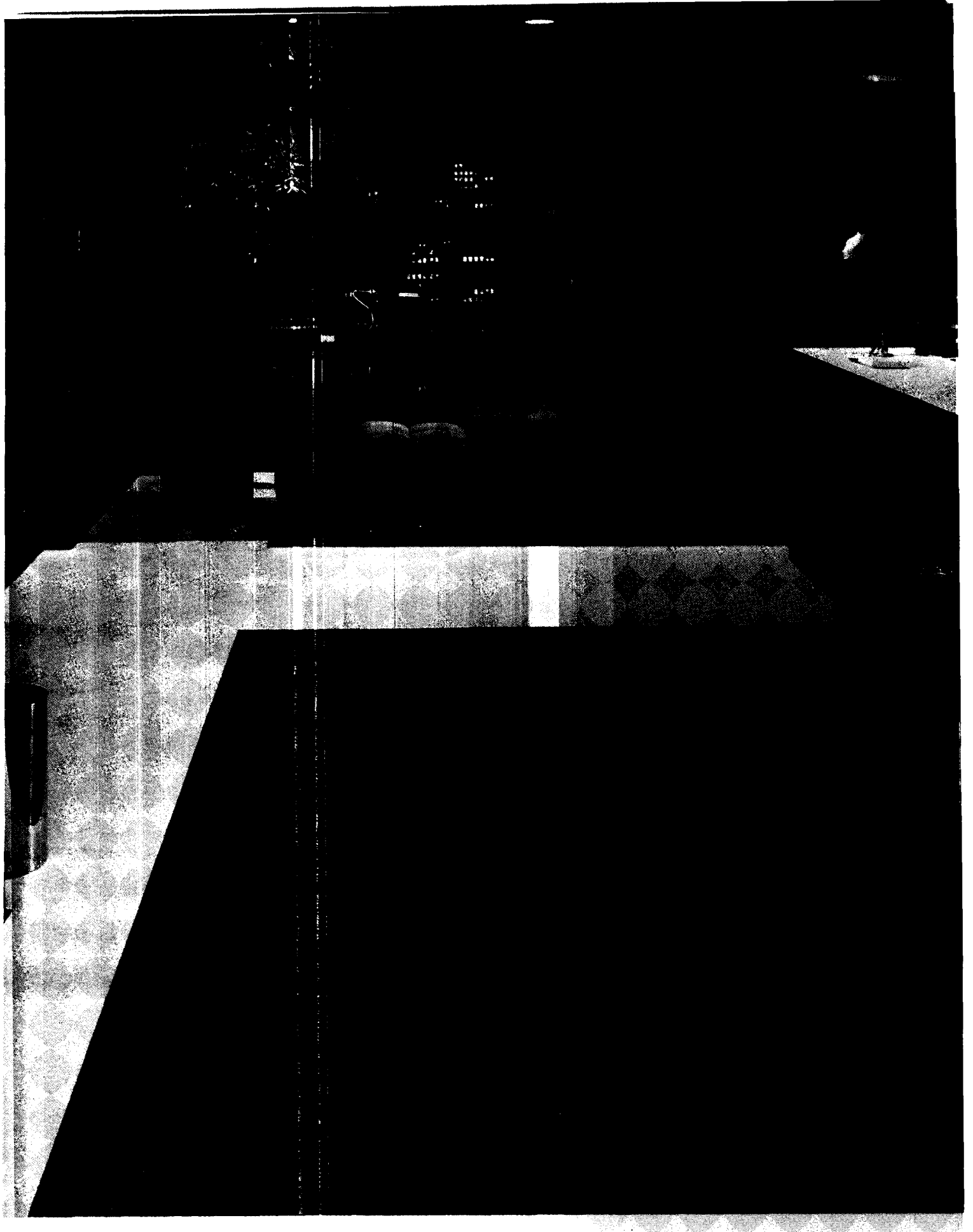

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STATEMENT

in response by
JEAN MONNET
ON THE OCCASION OF THE AWARDING OF
THE FIRST GRENVILLE CLARK PRIZE
NOVEMBER 15, 1975

"I accept the Grenville Clark Prize with pleasure. I believe, like Grenville Clark, that the private citizen can bring a real contribution to peace. The foreword of the book, "Memoirs of a Man: Grenville Clark", states: "An effective private citizen and public servant need not hold public office and may still be a person of great influence . . . A democracy needs such citizens to survive.

"Progress is slow. To try, to continue to try, is one's method.

"I accept this Prize to provoke and stimulate the strength of the committed private citizen. This is the way I used when I was President of the Action Committee for the United States of Europe."

Jean Monnet

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THE RHODES PROGRAM

Republican Stew

M. STANTON EVANS

WASHINGTON—With a roll of drums and flourish of trumpets, the Republican leadership of the House of Representatives has produced a legislative program for the Seventies—or such portions thereof as Republican legislators can manage to control.

The document had been in preparation for a span of months, moving slowly along the esoteric byways of party approval. As the early stories described it, this was to be the first time ever that the congressional delegation of the party in charge of the White House had come up with its own separate program. As Minority Leader John J. Rhodes of Arizona put it: "What we want is a document that will show a clear contrast between the Republican minority—emasculated as we may be—and the Democratic majority, and will also go beyond the Administration's program."

We were promised, indeed, a bit of excitement when the program finally surfaced. "Gutsy," "reckless," and "innovative" were among the media adjectives used in describing the Republican initiative, while Rhodes himself explained that "this effort is not without its dangers . . . Being innovative is always risky business. But I am convinced that the risks are greatly offset by the good that can come from a House GOP legislative program."

Against that backdrop, the program as it at last materialized is a decided anticlimax. Not entirely objectionable, nor entirely praiseworthy, it reads exactly like a dozen other manifestos that have rolled from party presses in the past few years: a stew of orthodox proposals mixed in with concessions to the liberals, sprinkled over with rhetorical oregano. A sad amalgam that tells us much about the condition of the Republican Party.

Mr. Evans is a regular commentator on CBS's Spectrum *and Chairman of the American Conservative Union.*

By far the best of the Rhodes proposals is a realistic, much needed plan to reform the federal food stamp program—a plan already embodied in bills submitted by Representative Bob Michel of Illinois and Senator James Buckley of New York. If the total package were this good, it would be well worth adopting. Also commendable are suggestions to offer tax incentives for workers to invest in private retirement funds, and a couple of nods toward balanced budgets (in three years' time, not one) and spending limitations.

So far as one can tell from the official précis, these are sound proposals, in keeping with Republican principle and the exigencies of the hour. But they are hardly the stuff of counterrevolution, or the political equivalent of Evel Knievel, as suggested by the early billing. And the rest of the proposals are several cuts below these sensible suggestions. One, for instance, demands creation of a "bipartisan commission" to review the practices of government and define our national goals—Washingtonese for consigning something to the circular file.

And this is only the beginning. Other proposals include "an automatically extended system of unemployment benefits coupled with intensive manpower training"; enactment of "a windfall profits tax with a plowback provision to encourage reinvestment of energy earnings"; a "national health policy" to determine goals and priorities for medical care; "compensatory education for the disadvantaged"; action to deal with "inadequate housing and transportation"; and so on.

Where, one wonders, is the vivid contrast with the Democrats—or the hope of going beyond the White House? Between the idea and the reality falls the shadow, and in all our strivings it is usually thus. Yet the vast discrepancy between the original Rhodes idea and the final amorphous product is indicative of something more than common frailty. It is much more specifically suggestive of the problems surrounding the Republican Party—the very problems that Representative Rhodes wanted to correct.

What is most noteworthy about the document is not its daring but its timidity. Its mixture of semi-liberal and semi-conservative initiatives is what one might expect from a political party uncertain of where it stands, or trying to paper over internal differences—both descriptions applicable to the Republican Party. The accepted method of dealing with such problems is to grapple for the lowest common denominator. And the inevitable result of this procedure is to say comparatively little, while saying even that with elaborate caution.

Among the many consequences of this default, the worst from a Republican standpoint is that it projects no coherent vision of our national problems to set against the familiar nostrums of the Democrats. The categories are borrowed wholesale from the opposition (health care problems, transit, inadequate housing), as they must be, because the Republicans have no set position of their own from which to offer a diagnosis. The effort to pose a contrast to the Democrats is thus aborted at the most elementary level—deciding what the problems *are*.

WHAT THIS means in terms of specific policy areas may be seen in the program's discussion of domestic issues. Though the approach to food stamps is admirable, there is no generic response to the burgeoning power of the welfare state, or the uses to which that power is being put. The plank on education, to choose one bizarre example, makes no mention of the failures in the liberal record, social engineering intrusions in the schools, or—most astonishing of all—busing. Here are issues, germane to Republican philosophy, that are driving American voters up the wall—and the Republican "program" says nothing at all about them.

Likewise in the realm of foreign policy, where the Republican statement has little or nothing to offer. Beyond the correct assertion that we must have a strong defense, it simply does not address itself to questions of defense or foreign policy. There is nothing in here about detente, the SALT accords, our strategy of trading with the Com-

(Continues on page 171)

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REAGAN

The snow in New Hampshire is the heaviest in years. So is the politicking—and the antidegoldwaterization, for which the remedy is: not lying to the camera

The Snows of New Hampshire

DAVID A. PIETRUSZA

THE SNOWS of New Hampshire are more than just a cliché dreamed up by some newsman when Estes Kefauver drove a dog sled through the Granite State back in 1956; they are a fact of life. And the New Hampshire primary is more than just an election for the state's inhabitants; it is big business.

How much will eventually be spent this year won't be known until the last check bounces, but it will be considerable. Whole motels are booked solid with candidates, aides, and newsmen. Buses and cars are rented. The airwaves are filled with paid announcements. Vacant stores are snapped up for headquarters.

In late January Ronald Reagan returned to New Hampshire for the second of four planned trips. On the first day of this three-day stop, he landed in the small city of Keene, nestled in the southwest corner of New Hampshire, for a blitz of the southern tier of the state.

On his previous trip, Reagan's opponents and the press had drummed up a great foofaraw over his plan to transfer $90-billion worth of federal functions to the states. This was the time to set the record straight, if it could be set straight.

New Hampshire is a very conservative state fiscally. It has no state income tax, no general sales tax (although to take advantage of the tourists there is a meal tax and a hotel room tax), and minuscule taxes on gasoline, tobacco, and alcohol. Reagan's opponents, as Jeffrey Hart wrote, were "the same liberal New Hampshire Republicans who for years have been trying to institute a state income tax." Now they were trying to frighten the people of New Hampshire with the allegation that it was Reagan who wanted to force them into instituting new state taxes to pay for these old federal programs. The national news media picked this up and were charging that Reagan was "backing away" from the plan. Reagan was now in New Hampshire again to convince the voters that he was being "Goldwaterized," that his record and statements were being deliberately distorted.

We caught up with him in Keene that night at the local high school, where he was about to deliver his rebuttal in a "People's Press Conference." We got to the hall early. It was occupied only by other newsmen, Secret Service agents, and Reagan workers; they were milling about, looking nervous or bored. If they were guarding Reagan or working with him, they hoped nothing would happen; if they were covering the story, they hoped something *would* happen—an egg thrown, a vicious question, a demonstration, a verbal fluff, anything to justify the expense account.

The town itself was pleasant enough; it has a population of about 25,000, bundled tonight for protection from the bitter winter cold. Dominating the town common is the massive, sparklingly white-spired Congregationalist Church, which now serves the consolidated flocks of Keene's Methodists and Baptists.

Outside, just off the Main Street that is said to be the widest in America, was a group of young people from the so-called Peoples Bicentennial Commission (an organization that has no more to do with the Bicentennial than it does with the people). The Commission is calling for a "Common Sense Campaign for a Democratic Economy"—which, plainly translated, means a straight dose of socialism and all the controls that go with it. This group has been trailing Reagan in New Hampshire, tagging him as the candidate of Big Business.

REAGAN arrived at the hall, which by now was largely filled, just a few minutes late. He started out with a prepared text—a discussion of his $90-billion plan.

"I predicted at the time that we would expect to hear screams of anguish from the carpeted anterooms and offices in Washington," Reagan told the audience. "Bureaucracy has a built-in instinct for the preservation and reproduction of its own kind."

"My prediction has come true," he continued. "The well-orchestrated chorus of doom-criers, their voices amplified in this political season, have predicted every plague but a plague of

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Mr. Pietrusza, who has written for New Guard, The Freeman, *and* The Alternative, *has just completed a book on the early life of Senator Joe McCarthy.*

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locusts if such a plan were adopted. They said there would be increased local taxes, the elderly would be thrown out in the snow, and there would be fiscal disaster if we moved to reduce the size and power of the Washington bureaucracy.

"I've heard this all before. A few years ago in California we were faced with the kind of welfare mess we are still faced with in Washington. . . . Only this time the caseload was increasing at a 40,000-a-month rate.

"The legislature was against any of the reforms we wanted to adopt, although—and hasn't this a familiar ring?—they, too, said there should be welfare reform. It was just *our* reform that wouldn't work.

"Their chorus of doom proclaimed that we would simply shift the burden of welfare to county general relief and thus property taxes at the local level would have to be raised. The needy would be turned out in the streets to starve, and we'd wind up with a state deficit of $750 million. Sound familiar?

"Well, we took our case to the people and told them the facts—of recipients earning above the median income who were legally drawing welfare, Medicaid, and food stamps. . . .

"Hundreds of checks were being sent to families who had gone abroad to live. One such family was receiving its check in Russia. When the people heard the facts, they were outraged. They made their feelings known to the legislature, and—after half a year's delay—we got our reforms.

"That 40,000-a-month caseload increase became an 8,000-a-month decrease. No one starved in the streets. County general relief went down in caseload, not up. Forty-three of our 58 counties reduced their property taxes two years in a row, and in the second year, 45 did so.

"Oh, yes. That $750-million deficit turned out to be an $850-million surplus, which we returned to the people in the form of a one-time tax rebate. . . . Now, I feel as if I'm seeing and hearing a re-run. Washington is filled with talk about the welfare mess, and everyone says something should be done about it. . . .

"There is nothing in my plan," said Reagan, "which would require states to have either a sales tax or an income tax. . . . Approximately one-third of federal revenues come from the federal personal income tax. A portion of this tax, presently paid by the citizens of New Hampshire—and everyone else, for that matter—could be earmarked and kept in each state instead of making a round trip to Washington and then coming back minus the 'freight charge.'"

The audience seemed convinced; there were no follow-up questions, and by the end of the tour the *New York Daily News* was reporting that "Reagan had portrayed himself to groups of New Hampshire voters as a man wrongly vilified for political reasons. When he ended his first swing . . ., the fear in the Reagan camp was that their man had, through his transfer plan, committed the kind of political gaffe" that had killed George Romney's presidential aspirations. Now that was over.

I am not the candidate of big business, but I do try to run a common sense campaign

The next day Reagan's schedule carried him through areas in which each town seemed smaller than the last. At 8:30 A.M. he left the comforts of the Keene Ramada Inn to give a 15-minute talk at Marlborough American Legion Hall. Then on to Dublin, and to Jaffrey, a small milltown about twenty miles from Keene down a treacherously icy road. But even for a one-horse town, the turnout was disappointingly small, consisting mostly of schoolchildren shepherded by their teachers. Present as usual, though, was the Peoples Bicentennial Commission, banners and all. Though Reagan was running about five minutes behind schedule, they were right on time, racing America toward 1984.

When the Governor did arrive, he saw them and their painted canvas signs —one proclaiming that he was the candidate of big business, the other urging a common sense campaign.

"I try to break even, 50-50, with these people," Reagan wisecracked, as workers peered out at the gathering from the windows of the Jaffrey Fire Protection Company. "I'm not the candidate of big business, but I do try to run a common sense campaign."

Peterborough was next. The Town Hall was packed to overflowing, the crowd spilling out into the magnificent red-bricked Main Street of this artist-colony town. Even at small stops like this one, Reagan tried to establish a dialogue with the voters, throwing things open to the crowd as soon as possible, ducking no issues, taking on all comers. When Reagan sprinted out of the Town Hall at Peterborough, for the first time his real vigor and energy became apparent. There he was in bone-chilling weather wearing nothing heavier than a sport coat. No gloves, no overcoat, but a smile on his wind-burned cheeks. He was the picture of health, outpacing many of the reporters with him. A day later a columnist in the liberal *Boston Globe* was forced to admit that Reagan, "the old Gipper for whom time has stood still," had, on his earlier tour of the state, still been going strong "while the reporters and photographers slowly turned grey with fatigue and cold."

Wilton was the next stop. It doesn't even have a town hall. The stop was so short that the motor of Reagan's bus was left running as he bounced into the Volunteer Fire House. Sam Proctor, chairman of the Reagan effort in Wilton, introduced him. Reagan had a confession to make. He said that he had always wanted to be a fireman—back when horses were still pulling the engines. Reagan was still in his sport coat, while the rest of us were freezing in the unheated garage whose main door was open. His physical endurance was amazing.

HERE, far away from the White House, far away from the nation's centers of money and power, Ronald Reagan was bringing his program to the people—to the real people, in a town that people fifty miles away probably never even heard of. It was something that isn't supposed to happen anymore. Our Presidents are supposed to be protected and insulated, and here was Ronald Reagan, fielding a question from some nameless village inquisitor about whether local taxes would go up because of his $90-billion plan.

He answered that one, and he answered all the rest, and when one of his staff told him his time was up, he went on anyway and took two more. Would he run on a third-party ticket if he were denied the nomination? Reagan said he wouldn't be a "spoiler," that his version of the Eleventh Commandment of Republicanism ("thou shalt not speak

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ill of another Republican") prohibited it. To another questioner, he spoke of bureaucracy as that "fourth branch of government," with its snarl of red tape that is strangling small business. Small business, he said, submits ten billion pieces of paper to Washington each year, costing the consumer $50 million; that stack of paper, he told the people of Wilton, "would make the most beautiful bonfire in the world."

When you saw Reagan tackle these questions, the feeling came upon you that this is how it must have been in Illinois over a hundred years ago when Lincoln and Douglas stumped across the state.

THAT MAY seem a little mushy, but for one raised on big-state politics the whole spectacle astounded me. Government was close to the people here. There was no pomp, no awe. Traveling in the Governor's party was former New Hampshire Governor Hugh Gregg. You would think Gregg would be a local celebrity, yet there was no fuss over him, no jostling for position, no crowd of sycophants. Gregg was carrying the Reagan buttons in a rumpled, brown paper bag that he kept jammed in his pocket.

Some of us skipped the Reagan stops at a wire and cable plant at Milford, a Racquet club and a Congregationalist Church at Amherst, but caught up with him again in Hudson. For once, the entourage was off schedule, way off schedule. The crowd waited for over an hour as word filtered in that the Governor was caught in the snow that was just starting to snarl traffic throughout southern New Hampshire.

When he arrived, he started right in with jabs at the bureaucracy, like the story of a Bureau of Indian Affairs employee who was found at his desk one day sobbing uncontrollably. "What's the matter?" asked a co-worker. "What's wrong?"

"My Indian died," was the reply; and the crowd at the Hudson Lions Club broke into laughter.

"Can you imagine how miserable we'd be," Reagan continued, "if we got all the government we paid for?"

One woman stood up and asked the Governor why he had not signed the Common Cause fair campaign pledge. "I resented it," said Reagan. "There's something arrogant about it," about asking all the candidates to kowtow to this one organization. "I obey the Eleventh Commandment of Republicanism," concluded Reagan to applause, "and the other ten as well."

A man with a German accent wanted to know if it made any difference whether there was a Republican or a Democratic Congress. Of course it did, said Reagan: the Democrats have had control for 36 out of the last forty years; "they've passed the loopholes, they've passed the tax programs" they now campaign against.

He told of his own fight for welfare reform against a Democratic legislature in California—how he went over their heads to the people, and one day a Democratic leader came into his office smiling, hands raised in surrender. "I give up. You win," he said. "Stop those cards and letters."

"Maybe people can't make them see the light," concluded the Governor, "but they can sure make them feel the heat."

On amnesty, he said unconditional amnesty "sets a bad precedent."

On Social Security, he said it was actuarially out of balance by $2.25 trillion and was unfair to women and the young. He also said he was opposed to limitations on the earnings of recipients.

On foreign affairs: "Our word is not trusted for the first time in two hundred years."

On detente: "Our whole approach to detente has deteriorated. It's become a one-way street for the Soviets."

On busing: "I'm opposed to it. . . . We're wasting a lot of money that could be spent on education."

On who would be his Vice President: "That's a no-no. You never tell that in advance."

Finally, it was time to leave and he stopped to take one more. This one was from a little girl of not more than six. "Why do you *want* to be President?" she asked in all earnestness.

And for a moment, the unshakable Reagan was taken aback. Then he spoke, slowly, of how "one side of you doesn't want to be President. You give away your privacy. You give away part of your life." But then he spoke about the feeling that he had something to give the nation and that to live fully meant to give of yourself.

And then he was off, back into the bus, past the jeering and sneering Peoples Bicentennial Commission, and off to the last stop of the day, Salem. All through the night snow and freezing rain had played havoc with traffic. An 11-car pile-up on Route 93 near Derry had backed cars up for miles. The police were warning motorists off the highways. Only half the seats were filled at the gleaming new Salem High School for another People's Press Conference. Those who made it were hardcore, either for or against. As Reagan talked, television crews panned the empty seats, but not the ice storm outside.

Twice, when the floor was thrown open for discussion, the Peoples Bicentennial Commission threw insulting questions at Reagan, and for the first time on the trip, there were glints of anger. Reagan handled each question with ease, but most of the crowd had little stomach for the traveling circus, and their protest was vocal and to the point.

One fellow asked if Reagan could be believed, since he had once been a professional actor. "As an actor," Reagan said, "you learn you can't lie to the camera. . . . Of course," and here he lowered his voice, "some people said I was a *lousy* actor—but *I* think I did a few good things."

It was nearing ten o'clock. Ronald Reagan had been on the road for 13 and a half hours. Tomorrow he would rise earlier and work his way north to Manchester and a flight out of state—off to *another* primary. Why, one wonders, *does* a man want to be President? □

It's a Free Country: Isn't It?

FREE! FREE! the tempting ads proclaim,
While surreptitiously their aim
Is making that appeal dispel
Your will to *not* buy what they sell.

FREE GIFTS!—a matching strategy—
Assumes you thought gifts *weren't* free
(As sometimes, when the gift's *de trop*,
I fear may, in a way, be so).

FREE BONUS! is another way
They have of getting you to pay
For merchandise they'll "sacrifice"
If you'll ignore the added price.

In re what's FREE I have this hunch:
There never is a free FREE LUNCH.

—CORINNA MARSH

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LETTER FROM ATHENS

The Soviets infiltrating Greece have two powerful allies: Greek anti-Americanism, which has been especially virulent since the Cyprus crisis, and—American anti-Americanism

Yankee Go Home Rides Again

TAKI THEODORACOPULOS

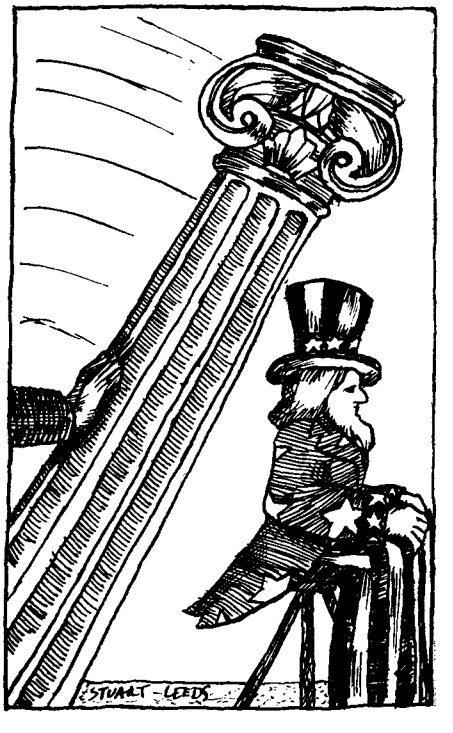
THE SOVIET UNION is on the march in Greece. By subtle infiltration of the press, the trade unions, and the civil service, it is widening the gap that separates Greece from the United States and NATO. Unlike the Portuguese Communists, however, who moved too rapidly and failed to consolidate their position, the Greek Communists are working slowly and carefully.

The Communists' opportunity is the direct result of a brilliant propaganda ploy that has associated anti-fascism with anti-Americanism on the one hand, and with social "reform" and a pluralist society on the other. Moreover, because of the Greek propensity for blaming others for their own disasters, the Communists have found a receptive audience. The seven-year dictatorship and the ensuing Cyprus debacle have also helped give the leftists a handy weapon for silencing moderate voices. They link them to the unhappy past.

The KGB's Guiding Hand

The Soviet machine is behind a high-pitched campaign of speeches, labor unrest, and street agitation that is being waged against the government of Premier Konstantin Karamanlis. As the *Soviet Analyst*—the respected London fortnightly—pointed out recently, Moscow is once again actively meddling in Greek affairs. The Soviet embassy in Athens maintains daily contact with representatives of the local Communist Party. It is the embassy that dictates the themes to be developed in the Party press, the speeches to be made by Communist deputies in Parliament, and the Party's role in the constant street demonstrations.

The Russian embassy has approximately forty KGB officers under diplomatic cover. The new head of the KGB in Greece is Sergei Grigorevich Trokhin, a man with long service in the Arab world. Under Trokhin, the Soviets have gone on the offensive. High-ranking officers in the KGB's Department V have arrived under diplomatic cover. (In addition to Trokhin, they include Ivan Tamomov, military expert; Sergei Rogor, liaison officer between the KGB and the Greek Communist Party's youth movement; Viktor Boiko, press attaché; Gennady Bakanov, third secretary; Ruben Martikian, first consul; Yuri Muraviev, head of the Sovinflot airline; Gennady Pivovanov, cultural attaché; Boris Shegolev, a Soviet film company executive; and Vyacheslav Safronov, Tass correspondent.) Department V is the KGB section that handles sabotage, assassination, terrorism, and subversion. It does not concern itself with espionage proper. It is dubbed the "wet section" because so many of its operations end in bloodshed.



First Assassination

Its first move was to bribe segments of the local press (Boiko's specialty), trade union movement, and civil service. Its infiltration of the press and the unions was particularly successful, as the virulent anti-American propaganda and constant labor strikes testify. When the right atmosphere had been created, the KGB reportedly ordered its first assassination, the murder of Richard Welch, the American diplomat who allegedly headed the CIA section in Greece.

High placed Greek intelligence sources have told me that although the perpetrators of the crime are believed to be Greek, their orders came directly from the Russian camp. "The CIA is under fire everywhere, especially in the U.S. and Greece," was the way a Greek Central Intelligence officer put it. "By killing Welch the Russians got rid of an able opponent with impunity since there are thousands of Greeks who see America as a fascist, imperialist society that is responsible for the world's ills."

If these sources are correct, the Russians certainly guessed right. The local press generally downplayed the murder,

Mr. Theodoracopulos is NR*'s regular correspondent on political events in his native Greece.*

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and certain Soviet-backed newspapers wrote that it was a plot by the CIA and the now-deposed Junta to discredit the government. The murder, it is believed, resulted from the publication of a list revealing the alleged CIA personnel in Greece, including addresses and telephone numbers. The paper that published the list was the *Athens Daily News*, an English-language sheet with a circulation of about two thousand. Despite this low circulation, its publisher, Yannis Horn, does not seem to be in financial difficulties. He is reputed to be a favorite of the "wet section" for his propaganda work.

Horn's printing of the alleged CIA list prompted another group to send the paper a list containing the names of the Russian agents in Greece. Horn not only rejected that list, but insisted that there is no proof Russian agents are operating in Greece.

The government's initial reaction was to try to link the killing with the wave of terrorism in Europe today. It did not dare say what many Greeks are saying privately, that it was a direct result of the hysteria and virulent anti-Americanism fanned by the press and fueled by the Soviets.

"Purification"

When Konstantin Karamanlis was called back from exile by the Colonels during the Cyprus crisis, he first formed a coalition government that encompassed the entire political spectrum, and then called for a general election and for a referendum to determine whether the people of Greece favored the return of exiled King Constantine. In the referendum the monarchy was voted down. The result of the election itself was a 3 to 1 mandate for Karamanlis. The Communists received nine seats, the Socialists 13, the Center Union liberals 58. The remaining 220 seats went to Karamanlis. Karamanlis enjoyed an absolute majority. He could ram through any legislation he saw fit, and for the first time in a long political life he was in power without the inhibiting presence of a king.

But despite the enormous social, geopolitical, and economic problems at hand, the business of retribution, not reconstruction, began to dominate the country's everyday life. And the government badly mishandled the "purification" issue.

The Communists and their allies, Andreas Papandreou's Socialists, demanded retribution for the crimes committed in the seven years of Junta rule. Although Karamanlis had campaigned under a "let bygones be bygones" slogan, the leaders of the 1967 coup were tried and found guilty. Thousands more —from the civil service and other professions—were dismissed from their jobs for collaborating with the Junta. This was all done under Karamanlis' orders.

What constituted collaboration, however, was never clearly defined. Were those Greeks who had worked with the Junta to be equated with those who had worked with the German invaders in World War II? Moreover, could cooperation with a government that had been constitutionally sworn in by the legal head of state, King Constantine, be regarded as treason?

The Communists and Andreas Papandreou (the man who had made anti-Americanism an art form) used the purification campaign as a tactical weapon. With a majority of the large dailies in Athens chipping in, the extreme Left managed to neutralize Karamanlis' vast majority in Parliament. Moderate elements in the trade unions, student movements, social organizations, and local governments were ousted by men of the Left. If a government appointment did not please the Left, an accusation of collaboration would soon follow.

In effect a new establishment was created, the *antijuntiki*. Political parties, social groups, even individuals took advantage of the leftist-induced hysteria to achieve selfish aims. Student kangaroo courts dismissed professors and kept other students from attending classes. Under the banner of freedom, the Left denied free speech to anyone Right or Center.

Andreas Papandreou began the anti-American campaign in Greece right after the Colonels resigned. He claimed to have proof that the CIA helped the Colonels gain power. But he offered no proof and no one asked him for any. The newspapers—which more than any other institution in Greece had collaborated with the Junta—were more than eager to echo his charges. And when Papandreou, encouraged by the success of his campaign, went further and demanded that everything American—the embassy, the CIA, the multinationals—be kicked out, the press agreed and the government kept silent. The local Communists saw this as a golden chance, as did the Soviets. Money poured into the hands of editors, and the anti-American, anti-Junta campaign took off in earnest.

That Greece is surrounded by Communist states—Albania, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia—did not appear to worry the press. The first priority was to oust the Americans and eradicate their evil influence. American cars were burned, American children roughed up, tourists told to stay away. Papandreou, a very convincing demagogue, made the Soviets' job easier by pillorying the United States. And Helen Vlachos, a publisher who left Greece after the Colonels took over, is also writing poisonous anti-American editorials. It is said that Mrs. Vlachos was involved with high army brass and the King in planning a coup back in 1967. When it was pre-empted by the Colonels, she felt that the U.S. should have moved in and kicked the peasant Colonels out. Her anger at the United States remains undiminished.

Double Standard

Three of the 12 Athenian dailies receive direct financial assistance from Communist sources. Countless smaller publications and newsletters have Soviet backing. Purification and anti-Americanism are their major themes. Before he was murdered, Richard Welch was approached by a Greek journalist for financial aid in starting a pro-Western newspaper. Welch turned down the proposal. "We do not dare do such a thing," he said, "all hell would break loose if we were found out. Anyway, the ambassador is against it; so is Washington." When reminded that the Communists were financing supposedly independent Greek newspapers, Welch shrugged and said, "It is all right for the Russians but not for us."

This is the climate in Greece today. The press blames Greece's inability to deal with the Cyprus problem on the United States. Every murder is blamed on the CIA, including the deaths of two Turkish diplomats who represent, after all, Greece's ancient enemy. "It was the CIA trying to start a war between us," read a headline. When American-made movies show CIA members killing each other, Greeks shake their heads knowingly. In the meantime, Trokhin and his band are having a hell of a time. □

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Language and Action

We seem to be in the throes of a global civil war. There are terrorists in every country of the non-Communist world, resembling interlocking industrial directorates, or successive classes of graduates from the same guerrilla school. In fact, though, the numerous groups operate for disparate motives and objectives. The three Angolan groups are fighting, not for independence—which they already have—but for the choice of a new dependence. Palestinians want a world without Israel. Baader-Meinhof dynamiters in Germany believe in violence as the deserved comeuppance of everything that exists. Japanese terrorists long to involve themselves in death-defying extremism. Ireland seems to require no specific reasons for violence. Moluccans shoot Dutchmen because they hate Indonesians.

Once urban warfare proved to be feasible, it did not take much for sundry elements of discontent to start "expressing themselves" in this harmless way. In fact, there is no civil war, only a guerrilla chaos; no concerted action, only the spread of a bad habit. It does appear to be a unified whole chiefly because the terrorists all speak the same language. Revolutionary Marxism has provided a common idiom not for the proletarians but for the psychopathic malcontents of all countries. The availability of this language is one of the salient political facts of our time. Discontent, often nothing more than a sullen emotion, draws from Marxism its purpose, target, and method. Marxist jargon provides both apparent justification and practical organization.

Marxist vocabulary has spread into all political nooks and crannies. Ecologists as well as abortionists envision "revolution." Whatever or whoever has position and power is termed "imperialist" and "fascist," and recently also "chauvinist." Everywhere, subversion receives not merely the benefit of the doubt but downright adulation. A "new world" will come after universal destruction. The logic of such concepts appears so self-evident, their sentiments so undeniably noble, that otherwise well-situated citizens would find it a great hardship were they forced for a month to abstain from Marxist jargon.

Convictions and Realities

The significance of this phenomenon is increased by the fact that we, on the other side, have fallen embarrassingly mute. Intellectual and political leaders seem unable or unwilling to find words and concepts articulating our own convictions. Two examples may be mentioned. One of our leading universities sought to introduce a seminar on "values" (a word that has a relativist bias built into it by the first man to use it in this sense, Auguste Comte). One or two faculty members responded to the appeal, a few more attended a meeting. The teachers, in general, did not consider the course "an appropriate area for their efforts" and apparently found it difficult to think of what they would say.

Second example: A prominent U.S. senator, when interviewed on the abortion issue, avowed that he was against abortion but felt that he should not "impose" his own private views on "the majority." When pushed to apply the same criterion to a law forbidding thievery, he replied: "If the great majority of people in my state thought that thievery was perfectly all right, I am not at all sure that I would support such a law." The language linking our convictions to realities has vanished, so that our leaders no longer have the ability to formulate what they really believe. As a result, they speak or act entirely in response to what they assume to be the voters' mood, so that neither their words nor their policies have intellectual or moral substance. Thus lack of language prevents action.

Aristotle remarked on the close link between language and political existence and action. Man is a "political animal" because he is an animal possessing language. His corporate acts are deliberated, i.e., generated by language with rational content. Institutions maintain themselves by their specific languages, which preserve their particular insights into reality, the prevailing norms, and the modalities of practice. The language of the Church consists of dogma, kerygma, and liturgy; the language of the army, of honor, discipline, and tactics. Government requires a language that combines anthropology (not the subject of modern university propaganda, but rather philosophical anthropology, the profoundest insights into human nature and existence), ethics, and prudence. It is not the same as the language of citizenship, which consists of notions of common authority, justice and equity, and what Burke called "prejudices"—by no means the sort of thing the script-writer puts in the mouth of Archie Bunker, but rather the sum of long-tested and commonly accepted judgments that alone enables the citizen in situation after situation to act without first holding a committee meeting or organizing a research project.

As We Fall Silent

Both governments and citizens of non-Communist countries have forgotten how to articulate their common patrimony and common concerns. So now the language of Marxism, drawn not from objective reality but rather from a phantasmal "second reality," a nonexisting future never-never land, has swamped us with a mode of expression combining class-enemies, revolution, and dictatorship. The societies whose glory is their gradual growth in the consensus of their citizens, their deference to a higher law, their practice of deliberative discussion, have fallen silent, their language unused or forgotten. Someone has said that every great political crisis begins with a crisis of language. There is no question that the freedom party is now tongue-tied, some glowing exceptions notwithstanding. To teach again the language that "pertains to our peace" would seem to be the noblest and most urgent task, not only of schools, but also of authors, the press, and the electronic media. □

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One More Foul Blow

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

THE LATEST fell stroke in the campaign of our federal bureaucracy to de-privatize everything and everybody is a ukase issued by a female functionary of HEW: a decree that, beginning this term, all universities and colleges that accept students who receive grants, scholarships, or loans through the medium of HEW must comply with all sorts of federal regulations—particularly with "Affirmative Action" directives.

Mark you, the independent universities and colleges in question don't themselves receive grants or loans from the Federal Government: rather, some of their students (perhaps only a handful) are the beneficiaries of HEW largesse. Even so, the "independent" college president is supposed to obey Big Brother, or Big Sister.

In the case of HEW's latest ploy to control independent colleges, the authority cited is Title 9 of the federal Educational Amendments of 1972. An obscure provision therein is interpreted to mean that, for a beginning, private colleges which accept students with federal benefactions must comply fully with the notions of Affirmative Action —with other Washington controls to follow.

To this imperial rescript from a female potentate in Health, Education, and Welfare, there promptly rejoined Dr. George Roche, president of Hillsdale College, in Michigan. Hillsdale has a long history of welcome to women and blacks; but Hillsdale, which refuses to accept federal subsidies (or state subsidies) of any sort, does not intend to be converted into a mere instrument of national political policy. President Roche recently published a slim book about the follies of Affirmative Action, *The Balancing Act*; perhaps that is why the HEW functionary chose Hillsdale College as the first specific victim of Title 9. "Rather than allow such a federal takeover of our campus," Dr. Roche declares, "we are prepared to refuse compliance with the government edicts now proposed. None of us at Hillsdale underestimates the power of the Federal Government to harass and possibly destroy those who do not comply, but we feel the fight must be made if independent education is to endure in America." If necessary, Hillsdale will refuse to accept undergraduates who have federal scholarships or loans, but will set up its own special scholarship fund to provide for students deprived of Big Brother's gifts.

Somewhat taken aback at this rebuff from little Hillsdale, and by a similar declaration of noncompliance from big Brigham Young University, the imperialists of HEW mutter something about "further study" of their own directive. Doubtless they would encounter stout opposition, too, from Rockford College, Hanover College, and such other independent colleges as have refused to accept money from HEW or any other federal agency.

BUT church-related colleges and other "private" colleges sometimes have even more to dread from state capitals than from the national capital. At the time when their problems of finance and enrollment are most acute, state governments may offer them rescue of a sort—at the price of becoming secular institutions subject to detailed regulation by state political authorities.

In the state of New York, only one truly Catholic college for women survives nowadays—Molloy College, on Long Island, founded and controlled by Dominican nuns. In her report for 1973-74, Molloy's courageous president, Sister Janet Fitzgerald, set down the reasons why Molloy College refuses to accept "Bundy Money" from the state of New York.

This Bundy Money commemorates Mr. McGeorge Bundy, who has loomed large as educational bureaucrat, Washington bureaucrat, and foundation bureaucrat. Bundy it was who headed a commission appointed by Governor Nelson Rockefeller that worked out a system of direct financial aid from the state of New York to "private" colleges, and New York's legislature enacted the Bundy Aid, which pays to the participating colleges—once independent—varying sums of money, per capita, in proportion to the numbers of bachelors, masters, doctors, etc., whom they graduate.

In exchange for this mess of pottage, the participating colleges must surrender their birthright. If church-related colleges, they must declare themselves secular colleges henceforth; if Catholic colleges, they must disavow hereafter the word and the belief "Catholic."

Sister Janet points out some of the conditions exacted by the New York Commissioner of Education, where "Catholic" colleges are concerned:

1. If religious studies and philosophy courses are included in the core curriculum, the number of credit hours required in these two disciplines cannot be disproportionate to those mandated in other fields.

2. No student may be forced to attend chapel or to enroll in any course in theology.

3. Catalogues, student and faculty handbooks, charters, and other publications by the college must be submitted for review to the state educational functionaries; such publications must not contain any suggestion that the college has religious purposes.

4. The college's board of trustees must have lay members in the majority, and no fixed number of religious may be specified as members of the board; nor may bishops, superiors of orders, and the like be *ex officio* members of such boards.

5. A team of Protestant theologians is sent to every formerly "Catholic" college that takes Bundy Money, to interview all members of the college's faculty who teach religion or philosophy. This Protestant team will demand full information about the background of the faculty, about the content of courses, and about all final examinations given. "The team also inspects the library to ascertain if there is a disproportionate number of Catholic books."

So Sister Janet Fitzgerald and her Dominican colleagues, all honor to them, reject the Bundy Money—much though Molloy College needs funding. There is something worse than academic poverty, and that is academic servility. □

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Arts & Manners

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Impressions of a Short Russian Tour

Observed during a trip to Moscow, Kalinin, and Leningrad. First impression: There are no shutters or draperies on Russian windows. As you ride by in the bus, you see that the net curtains do not hide the interiors at night. The uniformity is striking: the same globe ceiling light fixtures in room after room, the same drab walls. No pictures that I can see. In Moscow, amidst the enormous, utilitarian modern grey apartment houses, there are overblown nineteenth-century style apartment houses from Stalin's time, with pinnacles and/or columns. Some apartment houses are far better kept up than others. But nowhere, in these show cities, are there the slums of suburban Rome or urban New York. The streets are spotless. A member of our party, Helen Puwalski, suggests an exchange of Moscow and New York sanitation personnel.

Russia is a country of motherly figures, due to racial characteristics and starchy food. (I hasten to say that for all I know, in the parts of Russia I have not seen, all the women are sylphs.) Old bent motherly figures, in babushkas and old-time felt boots, sweep the streets with birch brooms while the men ride on trucks. I am glad to see that the women take their time. Other humble motherly figures guard each room in the museums we go to. All of them are kindly, and seeing me and my stick, urge me to sit on their own chairs while the guide talks. In one museum, an old woman sees me wobble on the felt slippers you have to put on in order not to ruin the exquisite inlaid wood floors—a common practice in Europe. As my husband fastens them for me, she pushes him away and removes the slippers: a lame person need not wear them. We shake hands formally with her and I reach for the only thing I have on me to give: my lipstick. She is very pleased and we move on with the tour. Two rooms later, she pushes her way through the crowd and presses a present into my hands: a little illustrated calendar for 1976. God bless her and all those other kind old women who know what it is to stand for long on your feet.

This is my only contact with a non-Intourist Russian, except for buying Red Army mementos from the teenage entrepreneurs who approach you outside hotels and museums, on train platforms. The medium of exchange is chewing gum, which, I am told, costs around $6 in the dollar stores. The kids do not chew the gum, but pocket it; one suspects a Fagin-like black market operation. Occasionally, a bystander shoos them away for the shame of it all, but they don't go far and are back almost instantly. (Five sticks of chewing gum buy a marvelously solid Red Army belt, in case you care.) Our guides do not wish us to meet Russians. They do not want us to go off on our own, but they do not stop us. They do not wish us to eat in Russian restaurants other than the Intourist ones, where they reserve a table for you and you pay in advance in dollars. The guides tell you that there are long lines at the restaurants that are patronized by Russians, that you won't find a cab to take you home, that you will be ill-served, etc. This is not so at all, as experience proved. It is possible to get a taxi home by pressing a few dollar bills into the hand of the doorman, and those of us who went to a Russian restaurant got excellent service.

UNLIKE the tour (similar to ours and run by the same agency) taken by Mr. Robert W. Stock, Travel Editor of the *New York Times*, and described by him in the *Times* Travel Section on January 11, our tour is not offered a "round table" discussion with Russians. Nor was any member of our own tour ever invited to a Russian home, as was Barbara L. Wishnov, who wrote about it in the same Sunday *Times*.

My husband is contemplating writing a book: *Beautiful Russia, Land of Timeless Waiting*. There are lines everywhere, everywhere, everywhere. Motherly figures line up outside and inside the stores, line up for the oranges and apples sold from street stalls. Bookstore lines are very long. It is not easy to shop, not even in the hard-currency stores in the hotel. You stand in line to choose your merchandise, stand in line to pay for it, stand

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in line to retrieve it. The girls in the shops, even at the bank where you get your rubles, seem to work more easily with the abacus than with the electric adding machines.

This is the festive season, when, in honor of the New Year, people celebrate and exchange gifts. The figure we know as Santa Claus and the tree known to us as a Christmas tree, as well as a modest amount of tinsel and decorations, are found in the windows of the major shops. A greeting card shows a colorful New Year's Claus riding on an Oriental rug, beside a jet. The New Year's tree behind him is topped by a red star.

Men and women wear dark outer clothes in Moscow, but in Leningrad you see some red, blue, and green women's coats. The men and some women wear fur caps or hats. I remember seeing some fur collars, but no fur coats. The clothing appears to be warm, solid, and totally utilitarian, and the women's magazines I buy confirm this. There are class differences in women's headgear. The upwardly mobile class wears knitted caps or fur hats; the nonmobile, the timeless Slavic shawl, folded in the timeless Slavic manner. Since it is no colder than midwinter New York cold, many of us, male and female, wear no headgear, which attracts attention. Occasionally, a passerby is worried by the fact that a mature party like myself should be without hat or scarf and indicates that I should cover. I smile. We use none of the extra-warm things we have brought, but are told the real cold begins in January.

In Russia, you always check your coat in theaters, restaurants, museums, for the sake of seemliness. This gives us a chance to see what the clothes are like. They don't fit well, but there is bright color in sweaters and children's clothes. Some younger women wear miniskirts and platform boots. A few color their hair blonde and use eye makeup, not as much nor as well as American women. People look neat and clean, like small-town Americans of a generation ago.

The women, even the young ones, are very stocky indeed. So am I. In the elevator in one hotel I feel the eyes of a distinguished Soviet gentleman resting pensively on my husband and me. We both know exactly what is going on in his mind: the American

model is not so different from what he has at home. However, our guides are slender and smartly dressed even by our standards. They like Western fashion magazines, I am told. They appear to be more equal than other Russians. More equal too are the military and the police, to judge from their clothing. The tailoring is superb. In the case of high military personnel, it is utterly dreamy. I want one of those luxurious coats, reaching toward the ankles, made of the finest woolen cloth —I know, because I fingered one in an elevator, unbeknownst to the wearer. The contrast between military and civilian tailoring is evident when you see high military and high civilian officials walking together. The civilian big shots are well tailored, especially when compared to ordinary civilian males. But the military big shots—wow!

Our Moscow hotel, the Rossiya, has 4,000 rooms, divided into four units. It stands on an empty space below Red Square and the Kremlin; this must be part of urban renewal, and I am told old Moscow is being cleared away. But a few houses still stand, and so do the little onion-domed churches around the city. Our Leningrad hotel, Finnish-built, is Scandinavian modern, whereas I would call the Moscow one early Holiday Inn. Both are comfortable and very warm. The water is very hot and the tubs large. Russian towels are either poor terry or excellent linen, long and narrow in shape. There are small pieces of yellow soap, smelling strongly carbolic. The hotels are geared for mass tourism and do it efficiently. In Leningrad, we have been advised at home, we are not to drink the water, else we may get Lenin's Revenge, the Trotskys. We don't, but wonder why the bottles of mineral water, all with the same label, differ so much in their bubble capacity.

We go to the circus in Leningrad. It is a small one-ring affair, and patronized by plain folks. The children sit on their parents' laps and are extremely good. The little girls wear hair ribbons and sailor suits, just as I did in the dim past. In contrast to the drab outerwear, there is a lot of color in the clothes. People are laughing, with joy and wonder, at the antics of the two excellent clowns; the humor is evident even to us and includes bottom lore. The acrobats are fabulous. I stand in line to go to the loo, among other women. Two show me that one of my earrings is open. One child, in arms, reaches for my beads. The mother appears surprised that I encourage the charming child. The loo line moves with astonishing speed, compared to Lincoln Center loo lines. How is it possible with the children, I wonder. The loos have no seats on the toilets, no paper, but are immaculate. I shudder, remembering American bus station loos. The strongest impression of the circus: *nobody speaks to anybody else.* Not in the loo line, not when children sit together. *But then, nobody ever speaks to anybody when standing in line. Every man or woman, every family is an island and no doubts about it.* The laughing and animation of our group indeed astonishes the locals and attracts attention.

In the train from Kalinin to Leningrad, two heavies sit where they can observe the whole car, which has been reserved for our tour. (The seats do not flip; everyone except the heavies rides backward.) The lesser heavy knows a few words of English and asks me, sitting with my husband opposite the two knee to knee, how many people are in our group. Both peruse my guidebook with giggles. I knit to pass the time, and the heavies agreeably pick up my wool which keeps falling to the floor. The major heavy, steel teeth flashing, coyly lifts his coat jacket to show me that he wears a knitted vest of the same pattern I am knitting. I say the word for wife, which I looked up, and he nods.

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The unforgettable sights of a beautiful country, which make the heart ache to see more: St. Basil's Cathedral, the Kremlin, and the touching little Russian churches. The experience of visiting Lenin's tomb. The endless Russian plain between Moscow and Leningrad, under the snow. Leningrad, unbelievably beautiful, vast vistas over the water, a pure skyline, the immense skill of the restorers of her palaces. Indeed the city of my dreams. The treasures of the Tretyakov Gallery of Russian art in Moscow, marvelous and unknown to the West; one pines to see more Russian art. The Memorial Cemetery in Leningrad for the more than half-million souls who died from shells and starvation in the 900-day siege of the city by the Germans in World War II. I weep as I see people leaving little bouquets of flowers by the Eternal Flame at the entrance, for relatives who lie there. Emanating gently from nearby loudspeakers is Schumann's *Träumerei.* □

PLACES

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Next Year, Tahiti!

It started at Kennedy Airport, where tourists were wedged into an Aeroflot plane more tightly than ever frat boys in a Volkswagen. Aloft, already in the USSR as it were, we beseeched the homely stewardesses (they look homelier going over than coming back, when you've seen the rest of Russia's women) to give us vodka, that secular opiate of the people, whereby the proletariat is able to endure its own triumph. No wonder they are a race of drunkards. By the time we stopped over in Scotland I was homesick.

We got to Moscow on what was Monday evening there, though I supposed morning in New York. Metabolism confused, we walked across the runway through snow flurries and sneaping winds and joined our first queue inside the airport, to get our visas checked. "Next year, Tahiti," promised Bill Buckley. Yeah. The place was full of soldiers, of whom we were to see thousands in Moscow and Leningrad. Another long wait for our luggage. Then our tour guide. Surprise: a petite redhead she was, one Lira by name, at once Russian-looking and, paradoxically enough, fetching.

When a plausible proportion of our luggage had made its way to us, we climbed into our tour bus and rode the highway into Moscow. The Russians drive like tequila-soaked Mexicans late for the bullfight, so we shouldn't have been shocked when a car whizzed by us and killed a pedestrian, thereby delaying us yet again. Finally we made it to our hotel. Some of our group decided to go to Red Square after dinner, but I was too tired to join them and said I was going to bed. They advised me to leave word with the switchboard to call me for breakfast or I might oversleep. Not necessary, I said.

The next thing I remember is the sound of desperate banging on my door. A busload of *NR* types had sent Rob Sennott to extract me from my bed. I rushed down, climbed aboard the bus, and made my way past their glares: I was the first non-Communist cause of delay and, like Lindbergh, was remembered for it long after the second, third, fourth . . . Little Lira conducted us through the Kremlin's churches and museum, showing us the opulent czarist treasures whose production had ceased with the advent of Lenin. They are careful to tell you how many churches are still "functioning"; with every other kind of edifice they brag how many are a-building. Lira was a bright and tactful girl who seemed to sense when she was approaching our bullshit threshold, but she told us straight-facedly, inside the museum, about the horrors of the Tartar conquest, when "all cultural life stopped for two centuries!" I suppose you have to give the Communists some kind of grudging credit for only having taken over sixty years ago.

Twice I left the tour group and walked through Moscow alone or with a friend. Once you get away from the showcases, it seems a city of shabby old warehouses. The people are stolid and expressionless, though you see girls holding hands and young boys laughing together as if they have not yet learned the gloomy secret their elders share. One lovely girl—in Moscow that's a mermaid in a swamp—smiled at me, and I didn't know why until I got home and saw Kevin Lynch's photo of me in my fur hat: I was the very image of heroic Russian youth. One day Rose Flynn (*NR*'s treasurer) and I went inside the shopping center we had been so proudly shown from our tour bus, and believe me, you never pity the Russians so much as when you inspect the things they vaunt. The queues were immense: women even waited in line to try dresses on, bad print dresses, overpriced. The groceries were worse: we saw identical jars of plum juice in three shades (no artificial coloring added), and the meat must have been DOA at the slaughterhouse. Rose and I got back to Red Square too late to go inside Lenin's mausoleum, but when we saw a bridal party going to the head of the line to draw some sort of nuptial benison from association with that corpse, it came home to us that Lenin is simply not a national hero,. like Washington. Not at all. He is a god. No Caesar was ever more truly deified than this little man whose cruel face is so monstrously ubiquitous. Marx, by comparison, is almost unseen. Marxism-Leninism is Leninism.

In the middle of the week we moved on to Kalinin for one night. We went by bus on a three-lane, undivided highway—which connects Moscow (the size of New York) and Leningrad (larger than Chicago). Kalinin itself is an industrial city of about 400,000. We spent one night there, a lovely one for me, in a cozy little hotel whose charm was that it was frankly second-rate, nearly ramshackle, like something in northern Michigan a few years back, without the attempted magnificence that makes the big hotels in the great cities so depressingly derivative. The next day we got a yawnish lecture on

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Kalinin's industrial achievements, and amused ourselves by affecting to mistake the portrait of Mikhail Kalinin, former Soviet president, for Trotsky's. "Kalinin! Kalinin!" our new guide corrected us, grinning with nervous geniality.

Of splendid Leningrad I will say little, except to mention our guide there. Relentless, irony-proof, Ludmila was one of those formidable people whose spiritual consolidation with the local system of power is perfect: not merely acquiescent, but enthusiastic. Intelligent, but utterly unspeculative and illiberal, her mind belonged to Lenin. I think she would smile at nothing Lenin wouldn't have smiled at, and she held bitter grudges against Nicholas II and Kerensky, vanquished decades before her birth. There is too much vitiating cynicism in America, but God help that nation whose people are beneath cynicism. □

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

The Slaves

It's spontaneous, the soul's reflex: I cross myself. A soldier is startled, alert. In Lenin's tomb, comrade, you don't make unexpected moves. You shuffle, hands open and out, coat buttoned closely up. This is it, I've seen him: a stumpy, short corpse, old number 666 himself, the Antichrist. We watch newlyweds place their bouquet at his feet. Here fresh lives begin with a mummy's benediction; you wonder sperm don't die in their glands. The grotesqueness of it, the horror, leaves one half drunk. I want to laugh, but the soldier is tense, I've pressed my luck enough. And at midnight, across beautiful Red Square, boots echo—slap, slap, slap—Lenin's guard changed in a tick-tock goosestep, shoe tips hurled to eye level, again, again, again. But the eyes don't see. Animation comes only from flashing, avid bayonets. I hear it, beaten out in code, an end to the West. There isn't one soldier stateside so purblind-efficient. Those footsteps, unhurried and assured, are making their way toward us.

I remember what Jeff Hart said before we left. "It's not the government, it's the Russian people I dislike." A nice turn of phrase, I thought back then. But it was more than that; it was the limpid truth. Waste no sympathy on Russia. Leninism, Stalinism, purges, Gulag, agitprop, oppression, these have all been necessary, drawn out by a slave people's sharp inner need.

It's THE plantation again, no more nor less than that: in Mississippi, circa 1835. Russians tug at their forelock as Massah comes riding by. In their shabby quarters at night they sing and drink. Yassuh, and fornicate: Russia, agitprop aside, is one of the most promiscuous countries around. When overseers look away, they filch fatback and firewood and extra grits. If Massah catches them, why then they expect to get whipped real good. They're guilty, aren't they? Graft and black marketry, ripped-off work hours, are endemic at all levels of Soviet life. And we're not talking here about history from 1917 to now, we're talking about a thousand years of Asiatic servitude. Russians want to be oppressed; they kiss the whip. You can't discuss natural right and individual freedom, the concepts just do not translate into Russian. There are exceptions, of course, but they have as much effect on the USSR as Krishna Kids have on Gerald Ford.

Dialectical materialism, nothing. It's materialism, period: greed. They wait in queues the shape of a small riot; every man for himself and for six oranges or a brummagem fur hat. We're first in line at Moscow airport, yet two Russian planeloads flying-wedge through us, not apologetic, amused rather to see our dumb, capitalist politeness. On a bus only two in thirty pay their five-kopek fare; the driver couldn't care less. Ten per cent of all goods trucked into Moscow or Leningrad disappear along the way; by comparison American teamsters are untouchable. Twelve-year-old kids bug the tourist trade, swapping cheap Lenin pins for Juicy Fruit gum, a more certain currency than the ruble, which can't be chewed. My wife forgets her glasses at a restaurant. The maître d' suggests that six Marlboros will buy them back. One thing and one thing alone would cause popular uprising in the USSR: a shortage of vodka, that Leninist mass opiate. It has virtues, this attitude: you don't worry about Czechoslovakia or Hungary or Solzhenitsyn. At Leningrad airport we're told, "Good news, good news. You don't have to wait any more. Your flight has been canceled." In Russia that's good news: no decisions required. As we drive by a medical clinic our guide reports that "rare diseases, like the ulcer, are treated here." There's no stress in Russia. Stress is a product of the human free will.

Never has a nation so indigent been so obsessed with conspicuous consumption. At the Kalinin trade exhibit (in a "non-functioning" church) we are obliged to see miracles of Soviet industry. Russians have recently invented, well, linoleum, paint, plaster, and the lightswitch. Cars, too: you can tell what month a car was made in by the color—red, April; black, May—assembly lines can assemble only one color per month. Our trade exhibit guide points with satisfaction, yes, to a cheesy kitchen chair. I ask him, "Ah, who will get the chair tonight?" "Excuse, please?" "Tonight, when you close the exhibit, which family in town will get to use the chair? How do you decide? By lottery?" "No, no. You don't understand. This isn't the only one. There are others just like this." "Oh?" "Yes, many, many chairs. You can be sure of that."

THE great hall of Soviet space technology is impressive. It also leaks. Melted snow soft-lands on sophisticated Soyuz craft, on my head. The moon and Venus were pushovers, a decent caulking compound still confounds their science. Consumer exhibits are laughable, you'd think the Politburo would hide them from Americans. But that's to misapprehend the Russian mind. No Scarsdale housewife is so thing-oriented, so materialistic, so goddam petty bourgeois. Russians are like eccentric bottle-cap collectors. They don't want to astonish us, they just want to see, touch, reinventory their precious few things over and over again. It reassures them.

And you think, maybe Lenin wasn't such a bad sort after all. Executions, work camps, the cult of the man—with such people, what other options could there be? Like George Orwell, Lenin was trapped, he *had* to shoot the elephant. I bring back good news: Communism of the Soviet brand will never come to America or England or even to Italy. And bad news: it will seed itself wherever a slave people can be found—that's Asia, most of Africa, most of South America, most of the habitable world. You realize what a fragile, strange, golden thing our Western democracy is. Athens in the fifth century B.C. was no more freakish. Don't be fooled: Russians are happy just as they are. Personal freedom, nonsense; individual right, nonsense. A bag of oranges is more important. □

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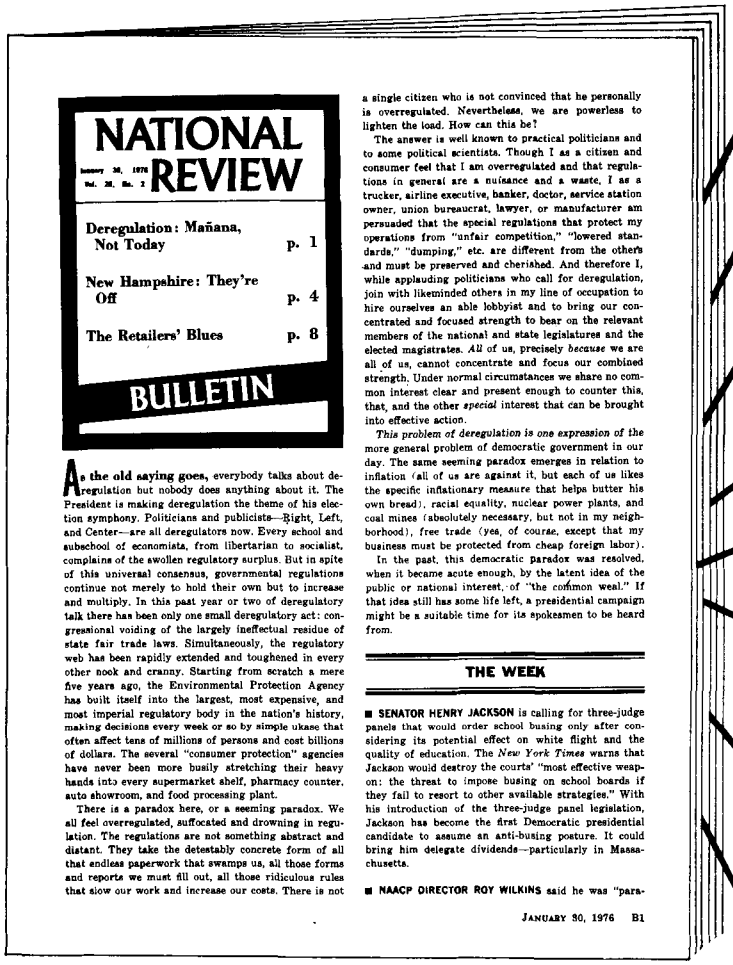

NATIONAL REVIEW

BULLETIN

Deregulation: Mañana, Not Today p. 1

New Hampshire: They're Off p. 4

The Retailers' Blues p. 8

As the old saying goes, everybody talks about deregulation but nobody does anything about it. The President is making deregulation the theme of his election symphony. Politicians and publicists—Right, Left, and Center—are all deregulators now. Every school and subschool of economists, from libertarian to socialist, complains of the swollen regulatory surplus. But in spite of this universal consensus, governmental regulations continue not merely to hold their own but to increase and multiply. In this past year or two of deregulatory talk there has been only one small deregulatory act: congressional voiding of the largely ineffectual residue of state fair trade laws. Simultaneously, the regulatory web has been rapidly extended and toughened in every other nook and cranny. Starting from scratch a mere five years ago, the Environmental Protection Agency has built itself into the largest, most expensive, and most imperial regulatory body in the nation's history, making decisions every week or so by simple ukase that often affect tens of millions of persons and cost billions of dollars. The several "consumer protection" agencies have never been more busily stretching their heavy hands into every supermarket shelf, pharmacy counter, auto showroom, and food processing plant.

There is a paradox here, or a seeming paradox. We all feel overregulated, suffocated and drowning in regulation. The regulations are not something abstract and distant. They take the detestably concrete form of all that endless paperwork that swamps us, all those forms and reports we must fill out, all those ridiculous rules that slow our work and increase our costs. There is not a single citizen who is not convinced that he personally is overregulated. Nevertheless, we are powerless to lighten the load. How can this be?

The answer is well known to practical politicians and to some political scientists. Though I as a citizen and consumer feel that I am overregulated and that regulations in general are a nuisance and a waste, I as a trucker, airline executive, banker, doctor, service station owner, union bureaucrat, lawyer, or manufacturer am persuaded that the special regulations that protect my operations from "unfair competition," "lowered standards," "dumping," etc. are different from the others and must be preserved and cherished. And therefore I, while applauding politicians who call for deregulation, join with likeminded others in my line of occupation to hire ourselves an able lobbyist and to bring our concentrated and focused strength to bear on the relevant members of the national and state legislatures and the elected magistrates. *All* of us, precisely *because* we are all of us, cannot concentrate and focus our combined strength. Under normal circumstances we share no common interest clear and present enough to counter this, that, and the other *special* interest that can be brought into effective action.

This problem of deregulation is one expression of the more general problem of democratic government in our day. The same seeming paradox emerges in relation to inflation (all of us are against it, but each of us likes the specific inflationary measure that helps butter his own bread), racial equality, nuclear power plants, and coal mines (absolutely necessary, but not in my neighborhood), free trade (yes, of course, except that my business must be protected from cheap foreign labor).

In the past, this democratic paradox was resolved, when it became acute enough, by the latent idea of the public or national interest, of "the common weal." If that idea still has some life left, a presidential campaign might be a suitable time for its spokesmen to be heard from.

THE WEEK

■ **SENATOR HENRY JACKSON** is calling for three-judge panels that would order school busing only after considering its potential effect on white flight and the quality of education. The *New York Times* warns that Jackson would destroy the courts' "most effective weapon: the threat to impose busing on school boards if they fail to resort to other available strategies." With his introduction of the three-judge panel legislation, Jackson has become the first Democratic presidential candidate to assume an anti-busing posture. It could bring him delegate dividends—particularly in Massachusetts.

■ **NAACP DIRECTOR ROY WILKINS** said he was "para-

JANUARY 30, 1976 B1

IMPORTANT

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BOOKS

Getting to Know Them

The Russians
By Hedrick Smith
Quadrangle, 527 pp., $12.50

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

Brezhnev invites his mother to Moscow and shows her through his plush apartment, and she says nothing. He orders up his black Zil and drives her to his handsome dacha, and she says nothing. He orders his personal helicopter and flies her to his hunting lodge in Zavidovo. Still silence. He can stand it no longer. "Tell me, Mama, what do you think?" "Well," she hesitates. "It's good, Leonid, but what if the Reds come back?"

In a way this wry joke on the exalted lifestyle of today's Soviet elite epitomizes what Hedrick Smith found during three years as the *New York Times*' man in the Soviet Union: that great as the Revolutionary changes have been, much remains unchanged. The petty bureaucrat Chekhov wrote about a century ago dominates every facet of contemporary Soviet life. The pecking order of the Soviet managerial class "is a contemporary echo of the elaborate system of 14 ranks established by Peter the Great." The great throngs that march through Red Square today carry aloft the portraits of Politburo members; under the czars they carried huge religious ikons. It is the essential Russianness of the Russians that makes the "convergence" of Soviet and Western societies under the pressure of modern industrialized societies so unlikely, in Smith's estimation. "The longer I lived in Soviet Russia, the more Russian it seemed to me and hence the less likely to undergo fundamental change."

BUT IT IS NOT this underlying realization that makes *The Russians* such fascinating reading; it is Smith's skill in conveying how the Soviet system works (and fails to work). The book is marvelous at suggesting what it means to be a citizen of the USSR. It could be subtitled "A Manual of Survival Techniques." *The Russians* consists in large part of conversations: conversations in railway cars, in overcrowded apartments, in restaurants, in government offices, on park benches, in cloakrooms. He found much to love in the Russians but also a great deal that was nearly incomprehensible to a Westerner—and hence infinitely intriguing.

Those massive, dispirited grey prefabricated apartment buildings that march in phalanxes, like the dragon's teeth, up and down the streets of Moscow and every other Soviet city: what, for instance, are they like inside? Well, they're small: two or three rooms (plus kitchen and bath); sloppily constructed: the plaster is cracking, the paint peeling, the windows badly caulked; disorderly: two or three generations may be living in the two rooms. In a country where bulky winter clothing is a must, apartments are still built without closets. And if there's a baby around, they'll be smelly: Soviet technology has yet to invent the disposable diaper, rubber training pants, or the clothes drier. (As a result most urban families in Russia have only one child.) But in these badly furnished, dimly lit apartments, the hospitality is warm. The visitor joins the family around the kitchen table; vodka, tea, or coffee is brought out. The talk goes on late into the night. The vodka bottles are drained. (But if the party is in Sakharov's apartment, or the apartment of another dissident, there may be two shortwave radios playing in the background—to jam the KGB listening devices.)

"Stop grumbling, dear. Where else can you vacation today where you're safe from a Communist invasion?"

For always there is in the background the threat: the State giveth and the State taketh away. He who loses the favor of the State—which is to say the Party—loses all. For never—even in the court of the ageing Louis XIV—has there evolved such a finely calibrated class structure as in the People's Paradise. If you can get into a good university, if you have the right connections, if you play the game, recite the Marxist-Leninist litanies, observe the pieties, you can make out in Soviet Russia, become an insider. The insiders get the cream: the better apartments, the chauffeur-driven limousines, the choice vacation hotels. They may

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receive a portion of their salary in "certificate" rubles, worth many times the ordinary ruble; they shop in special stores to which access is limited, where the finest Western products, the best cuts of meat, the freshest vegetables can be bought. Not for them the eternal lines in which the ordinary Soviet woman stands two hours a day, seven days a week, in frustrating pursuit of the barest necessities. But the new Soviet nobility is vulnerable. "Under the old system," Zhores Medvedev told Smith, "the nobility could be secure in its status. But that is not true now. Everyone is insecure in his position. If he loses it, he loses everything. He cannot pass on his position and his privileges to his children."

And it is through this withdrawal of privilege, rather than through the genocidal repressions of Stalin, that Brezhnev has successfully blighted the hundred flowers of dissidence that bloomed so briefly in the Khrushchev thaw. Some dissidents are still harshly treated, sent off to long years in the labor camps and the demonic psychiatric prison-clinics; many, like Solzhenitsyn, are exiled; but many more are simply fired from their jobs, stripped of Party rank or professional membership, ruined for life. "People are cautious not so much from their fear of being thrown in prison," a movie script-writer told Smith, "but because of more subtle pressures—jobs, travel, little privileges and opportunities. The system works—quietly, quietly." The machinery of repression remains well oiled, in fighting condition.

But in other ways the system works not at all.

"No matter what the item," a middle-aged Moscow woman says, "don't buy it if it was made after the 20th of the month." What can she mean by that? Yosif, a middle-aged engineer, explains:

> In other countries, production normally goes on throughout the month, but here it can only begin on the 15th or 20th when all materials have been received. So factories must fulfill about 80 per cent of the Plan [quota] in the last ten to 15 days. No one cares any longer about quality. Volume is the main thing . . . When someone buys a household appliance, he tries to buy one with a certificate saying that it was produced before the 15th of the month [Soviet goods carry tags with production dates]. If the object was made after the 15th there is a good chance it will stop working pretty quickly.

One could go on and on; the treasures to be mined in *The Russians* are endless. But let's pause a moment as Hedrick and Ann Smith call on Nadezhda Mandelstam, widow of the poet Osip Mandelstam who died, time and place unknown, in a Stalinist camp. (He had written a 14-line poem attacking Stalin.) She is old, vinegary, bitter. It is 8:30 in the evening and she's shivering. But she tells the Smiths that she will stop shaking in half an hour.

> "After nine, *they* don't come," she advised. "They are not allowed to come after that." Why she thought that the secret police had a nine o'clock curfew, I don't know. But she was then as convinced of that as she had been earlier that they would get her before she could write Mandelstam's story [*Hope against Hope*, *Hope Abandoned*] and get it to the West to be published. "I was greatly afraid when I was writing both my books but I kept going," she said. "I had to—there was nothing else to do."

The tragedy is that there *is* nothing else to do—the dissidents have, Smith believes, tried and failed, been defeated not only by the system but by the ingrained patience and docility of the Russian people. For the average Russian, enmeshed as he is in that cradle-to-grave insecurity which is true Socialist Realism, there is nothing to be done, nowhere to go, little hope of greater personal freedom. The light at the end of the tunnel sputtered out sixty years ago. □

The Struggle for Stability in Early Modern Europe
By Theodore K. Rabb
Oxford, 128 pp., $8.50

CRISIS OF UNCERTAINTY

JANE MAJESKI

The eighteenth century is commonly referred to as the "Age of Enlightenment"; most countries had their "Golden Age" in the sixteenth century. The seventeenth century, however, remembered for the Thirty Years War, witchhunts, and economic disruptions, has received the alarming name, the "Age of Crisis." Theodore K. Rabb, in *The Struggle for Stability in Early Modern Europe*, reviews the evidence used to support the "crisis" theory and questions the validity of its proponents' assumptions, most particularly their indiscriminate use of the term "crisis" as applied to many disparate situations. If the word were to be used according to the dictionary definition, the historian would be required to demonstrate that in a period of relatively short duration (two or three decades) a troubled society was subjected to new and distinctive pressures that resulted in a resolution of the problems that confronted it.

While historians are in general agreement about the anguished state of seventeenth-century society, there has been no consensus as to what institutions were affected by the crisis, what the root causes of the discontent and unrest were, or even the exact duration of the period under discussion. Eric Hobsbawm has argued that the economic difficulties of the early seventeenth century—runaway inflation, recessions, and economic stagnation—removed all remaining obstacles to the development of capitalism and set the stage for the industrial revolution. Hobsbawm's theory has not been widely accepted because of the lack of evidence directly linking any substantive changes in the economic system with the economic malaise of the seventeenth century. Hugh Trevor-Roper, who has proposed that the crisis of the early seventeenth century lay in the struggle between "court" (the charmed circle surrounding the crown) and "country" (society in general), as demonstrated by the popular revolts that shook all Western European states, is criticized by Rabb for failing to show that the uprisings of the seventeenth century differed in any way from the classic conflict between the "ins" and the "outs." (Rabb maintains that the theories of Hobsbawm and Trevor-Roper are flawed because they are based on examinations of the institutions in which the crisis manifested itself, rather than of the nature of the malaise.) Roland Mousnier, who does not restrict the "crisis" of the seventeenth century to any given political or economic institution, but extends it to encompass the intellectual, religious, and moral dimensions

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RANDOM NOTES

■ MARCH TITLES: Cab Calloway's autobiography is of course called *Hi-De-Hi-De, Hi-De-Ho* (T. Y. Crowell, $8.95). . . . Jerry Rubin may not be the final authority on *Growing Up at 37* (Evans, $7.95). . . . Sheldon Engelmeyer and Robert Wagman come up with one of those things, *Rockefeller, Inc.: The Hidden Empire* (Macmillan, $10.95). . . . Harper collects *The Letters of E. B. White* ($17.50). For the same house, Elizabeth Longford traveled through *Byron's Greece* while Jorge Lewinski snapped pictures ($15). . . . *Destination America* is a history of our immigrants by Maldwyn Jones (Holt, $14.95). For the same house, John Chabot Smith comes up with the sort of title that should put even undergraduates on their guard: *The True Story of Alger Hiss* ($12.95). . . . Jim Garrison, stormy ex-D.A. of New Orleans, essays an assassination novel, *The Star-Spangled Contract*, for McGraw-Hill ($7.95).

The Flower and the Nettle, latest volume of Anne Morrow Lindbergh's diaries, covers 1936-39, when her husband was beginning to hear charges of pro-Nazism ($12.95). . . . Jim Bishop recreates the first four days of July 1776 in *The Birth of the United States* (Morrow, $6.95). . . . The articulate should welcome Andrew O. Shapiro's *We Interrupt This Broadcast: How Citizens Can Express Their Views on Radio and Television* (Little, Brown, $8.95). . . . John Bartlow Martin does a life of his former boss, *Adlai Stevenson of Illinois* (Doubleday, $14.95). . . . *An American First: John T. Flynn and the America First Committee* is a venture in revisionism by Michele F. Stenehjem (Arlington, $8.95).

■ SPORTS BOOKS: Pancho Gonzalez avers that *Tennis Begins at 40* (Dial, May, $14.95, cloth; $7.95, paper). . . . A host of writers celebrate the centennial of the National League with *100 Years of Baseball* (Macmillan, April, $19.95). . . . *Ken Rosewall: Twenty Years at the Top* is a memoir by the subject and Peter Rowley (Putnam, $8.95). . . . Gerald W. Scully surveys *The Professional Sports Economy* (Schenkman, $16.50). . . . Most colorful team of them all was *The Gashouse Gang*, says Robert E. Hood (Morrow, April, $8.95). . . . Richard M. Cohen, David S. Neft, and Roland T. Johnson have put together a play-by-play of every game in *The World Series* for Dial (April, $14.95). . . . Another history of blacks in baseball, *"Get That Nigger Off the Field!"* by Art Rust Jr. (Delacorte, May, $7.95). . . . Bob Hertzel's *Big Red Machine* hails from Cincinnati, not Moscow (Prentice-Hall, April, $7.95). . . . New paperback line, Reward, features two by Stan Fischler and Dan Baliotti: *Speed & Style: The Story of the Montreal Canadiens* and *Make Way for the Leafs: Toronto's Comeback* ($4.95 each).

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of the period, fails nevertheless to delimit the "crisis" chronologically.

The sixteenth century bore witness to dramatic and innovative changes in society, a plethora of new discoveries, and a questioning attitude on the part of the intellectual elite that led to the destruction of the moral and intellectual landmarks that had served as a framework for the social order. This attitude precipitated the seventeenth century's search for answers to the questions: "What is authority and where does it come from?"; "Are there solid and stable certainties?"; "What is truth and how is it achieved?" Rabb persuasively theorizes: "In a world where everything had been thrown into doubt and instability reigned, could one attain assurance, control, and a common acceptance of *some* structure where none seemed within reach? When the answer to that sort of question was finally an agreed 'yes,' . . . then the divide has been passed." Although the world of the eighteenth century may, in reality, have been no more cohesive or orderly than that of the preceding century, the terrible doubt and uncertainty that had pervaded the consciousness of that earlier time had vanished.

RABB's presentation of this thesis in *The Search for Stability in Early Modern Europe*, although persuasive, at times jars the reader. The occasional flights of hyperbole, as when Rabb claims that the resolution of the crisis of authority in the seventeenth century set the political stage in Western Europe for centuries to come—a statement which ignores the role of the revolutions of the late eighteenth century—raise doubts as to the validity of his less fanciful statements. More dangerous to the credibility of the thesis, however, is the apparent ease with which that thesis fits into the prototypical sociological analysis of modern society. Terms such as "military-industrial complex," "government intervention," and "administrative activities in the realm of social welfare," statements such as "searching emotional questions were simply losing appeal," have too many twentieth-century connotations and acquired meanings to be used in a seventeenth-century context without explanation.

In *The Search for Stability in Early Modern Europe*, Rabb claims to do no more than construct a new framework around which seventeenth-century history can be organized and an acceptable synthesis arrived at through debate. However much one might criticize certain aspects of the thesis, or the manner in which Rabb argues it, the book is thought-provoking and compelling. It more than adequately delivers what it promises. □

Bodyguard of Lies
By Anthony Cave Brown
Harper, 947 pp., $15.95

NEITHER DEFEATED NOR SURPRISED

ALAN L. MILLER

Lest one be deluded by recent congressional hearings, it is well to remember that the essence of effective espionage is anonymity. Two recent books concerning WWII intelligence operations not only remind us of this fact but promise to alter the historical interpretation of that war.

F. W. Winterbotham's *The Ultra Secret* revealed that MI-6 (British intelligence) was decoding Hitler's directives before his field commanders received them. Anthony Cave Brown now provides the definitive study of how British intelligence fashioned this foreknowledge into a labyrinthine pattern of strategic deception of which Machiavelli would have been proud.

Bodyguard of Lies is a kaleidoscopic masterpiece of research and analysis. A crisp narrative traces the evolution of British intelligence from a service that once scorned as "unsportsmanlike" an early opportunity to assassinate Hitler, to a gritty network willing

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Jane Majeski *is an editorial assistant at* Saturday Review. . . . **Alan L. Miller** *teaches high school in Michigan, where he also does work in radio broadcasting.*

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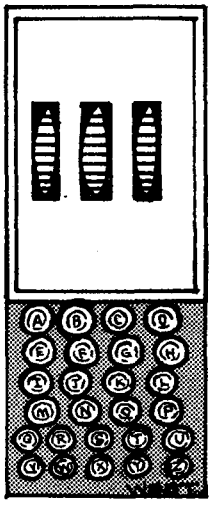
to use any expediency to protect Ultra, its decoding device, and gain the ultimate victory. This triumph was an elaborate tapestry, a design woven of ciphers, cryptanalysis, double and triple agents, fake armies, dummy fleets, nonexistent supplies, and code names, culminating in the extraordinary coup of counterintelligence that was Bodyguard.

Every indicator led Axis intelligence to forecast an invasion of Europe by mid-1944. But where were the missing pieces of the puzzle posed by Allied deception, and when would they fall into place? Would the strike come via Norway, the Pas de Calais, or perhaps a Mediterranean route leading to the Balkans? Surely the weather would dictate late July. June 6 and Normandy seemed so unlikely that even on D Day +1, when Rommel rushed back from leave to meet the attack, Hitler remained so mesmerized by this "obvious feint" that he stubbornly held two armies along the Pas de Calais until late July, awaiting the main assault. By then the game was over.

IRONICALLY, the Schwarze Kapelle, a cabal of anti-Hitler German officers, had tried to throw the game even sooner by offering information to the Allies in hope of gaining a separate peace. Their overtures were doomed by FDR's fixation on unconditional surrender and by Ultra, which made their intelligence unnecessary. MI-6 merely enticed the conspirators down the path of futile treachery that led to the General Staff's destruction.



The book's superb character sketches are themselves worth the hefty price. Churchill's agony over the sacrifice of Coventry is particularly poignant. So too is the frustration of Rommel, who was haunted by the decimation of his Afrika Korps. The adversary relationship between General Menzies and his Abwehr counterpart, Admiral Canaris, is especially intriguing. Add Marshall, Eisenhower, Stalin, de Gaulle, Patton, Monty and his "double," "The Man Who Never Was," "Cicero," and a cast of thousands, and one begins to appreciate the scope of this book. Mr. Brown has paid a fitting tribute to the craftsmen of Allied intelligence, who heeded the admonition of Frederick the Great: "It is pardonable to be defeated but never to be surprised." □

FICTION

A Word Child
By Iris Murdoch
Viking, 391 pp., $8.95

UNLIKELY POSSIBILITIES

RONALD DE FEO

One can easily become impatient with Iris Murdoch. This new novel is her 17th and, all considered, it is not terribly different from the work she has been producing tirelessly over the years. Once again she creates an unpredictable, slightly unbalanced world in which characters are guided more by instinct and passion than by good sense. Again she allows those characters to explore unlikely romantic and erotic possibilities, sometimes to the point of absurdity. And in the process she again manages to produce a number of wonderfully comic, often thought-provoking muddles. To expect Miss Murdoch to move in a new direction at this point in her career is, I think, hoping for too much. It is obvious that she is settled in her ways. Either we accept the repetitive nature of her art, as we do when considering such writers as Anthony Powell and Ivy Compton-Burnett, or we simply give up reading her. Since she is such a consistently entertaining and intelligent writer, I, for one, would be very reluctant to take the latter option.

That said, it is a pleasure to report that *A Word Child* is one of her better novels in recent years. Though it isn't nearly as successful as her 1973 book, *The Black Prince*, this very lengthy volume is engaging and stimulating for much of the way. As in *The Black Prince*, Miss Murdoch employs a first-person narrator. Once again, her telling a story from this point of view is an asset, for it forces her to delve a bit more deeply into character and motive than is her custom, and also to create a more substantial world for the reader. When the oddly likable, frequently desperate narrator, Hilary Burde, describes his moments of panic and moral confusion, and his flights through London streets and parks, the novel possesses an intensity of feeling that much of Miss Murdoch's work in the third person has lacked. It is Hilary, his voice and his predicament, that carries us on, even when we cannot quite believe what is happening.

WASTING away for years as a minor civil servant, Hilary is an unambitious and unimaginative man whose little world is inhabited by irritating fellow workers: a young male roommate, immersed in the counterculture; a gushing, clinging mistress whom he often treats with indifference; a beloved, chaste, hopelessly dependent sister; and a number of friends whom he visits regularly, more out of habit than need. Although he led a miserable (and rather Dickensian) childhood, his gift for languages opened up the doors of Oxford for him. Miss Murdoch makes it clear, however, that even in his sole talent he is limited—he learns easily, but communicates badly. Hilary remains an unfeeling outsider. We are told that one of his favorite pastimes is to ride the London underground endlessly, and we are not surprised, for he is indeed an underground man.

When a man Hilary once betrayed reappears, Hilary is forced to examine the past and his own chaotic role in it. He begins to see how very much past events have colored both his life and that of his wronged acquaintance. At one point, when Hilary's sister reveals a startling secret, he shouts in dismay, "You've changed the past," unable to accept an altered version of the story he has lived with for so long. Miss Murdoch makes Hilary's dilemma quite credible, suspenseful, and, in a mad sort of way, funny as well. While doing so she raises, and to some extent explores, a number of philosophical questions concerning the nature of sin and

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redemption, and the fixity of the past. Unfortunately, however, she eventually becomes obsessed with the mechanics of plot and with tying up every loose end in her story. As a result, the novel seems overdrawn, certain character relationships seem implausible even in their faintly absurd context, and the philosophizing concludes too abruptly and patly, as if it weren't all that serious to begin with.

Still, the heart of *A Word Child* is distinctive and attractive, and the book as a whole is compulsively readable. There are a host of fine comic scenes, many centering on Hilary's efforts to escape from or avoid his old friend, and marvelously evocative descriptions of London parks and streets during a typically gloomy winter. As usual, we have a violent death to consider, and though the mechanics of this particular one are a little hard to accept, Miss Murdoch writes skillfully enough to give the scene a nightmarish believability. In a way, the scene is representative of her concerns and methods, exhibiting as it does her attraction to unlikely events and her determination to render them real and true. As such, it points to her weakness and her strength as an artist. □

There's No Such Thing as a Free Lunch
By Milton Friedman
Open Court, 318 pp., $7.95

FRIEDMAN AS RHETOR

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

This is not really a book review. But then, what I am not really reviewing is not really a book. It is a collection of Milton Friedman's *Newsweek* columns, with a few other articles and a long interview thrown in for good measure. If not a book, however, it adds up to a very interesting whole, and (to my mind) a gratifyingly readable one.

I am one of those who flee in terror from technical discussions of economics. Non-technical discussions, for that matter, tend to make me cough discreetly and leave the room. The nice thing about Friedman is his empathy for the ignorant. No man, I am given to understand, is more at home in the abstrusities of his science; yet he is a lucid and perceptive apostle to the ignorant.

"Critics of capitalism," says an interviewer, "feel that too many alternatives cause waste, that we don't need 47 models of Chevrolets when one would do." Friedman replies that people want, i.e., pay for, 47 models (surely a presumptive argument in favor of *anything*). Then he adds: "It's always amused me that the intellectuals who talk loudest about the waste of competition in business are the loudest defenders of the waste of competition in the intellectual world. Isn't it absolutely wasteful that millions of writers should be deciding what to write on their own—a hundred writers may be writing on the same subject—with no social priorities being imposed on what subjects they write about? Isn't it deplorable that thousands of scientists should each be picking his own subjects for investigation? Shouldn't there be a central planning board that decides which subjects have the highest social priority and assigns those subjects to the researchers most suited to pursue them, to see that there is no duplication?"

Nicely done. Yet he goes on to vindicate duplication of effort, with all its attendant waste, in both the intellectual and the commercial realms, as necessary for the sake of the occasional breakthrough.

As anyone who has heard Friedman speak will attest, he is animated by an endearing eagerness to share what he knows. It is hard to imagine a man so authoritative relying less on mere authority. Not for him the *ipse dixit*, the pregnant pause, the who-says?-*I*-do mode of disputation. He fairly bursts with syllogisms and analogies, setting them forth in almost comical profusion, as if unconscious of the weight his words might carry if he chose to command rather than persuade. There is something at once funny and noble in the spectacle of a superior man treating others as his equals. But he makes it a matter of principle. At this summer's Mont Pelerin Society meeting in Hillsdale, Michigan, he emphasized a favorite point, that economists must take care to distinguish between their science and their political preferences, never trading on their authority in the one to advance the other. That public discussion should really be public—all cards on the table, no rhetorical thimblerigging—is a matter of moral integrity with him.

All very well. And yes, admirable. But at certain moments one becomes conscious of a curious weightlessness in this methodological rectitude. It may be logically tenable that FCC prohibitions on cigarette advertising are comparable to book-burning; but Friedman's use of the analogy makes him sound, for once, overwrought. "Marx's *Das Kapital* and Hitler's *Mein Kampf* have caused far more deaths than all the cigarettes ever smoked. Should we therefore ban their sale?" The answer is not self-evident. I can imagine arguments for banning Hitler and Marx, but *not* cigarettes. There are questions of prudence and circumstance that cannot be reduced to sheer extrapolation from first principles. Freedom can be fatally abused. Not to recognize this tragic fact, and the cruel dilemmas that may issue from it, is to court the suspicion of glibness and shallowness.

Another, lighter point: though Friedman scrupulously eschews pulling rank on his reader, I wonder whether his arguments, irresistible as they seem, would carry so much power to persuade if they were signed by another hand. This of course is principally an objection to human nature rather than to Milton Friedman. Still, it is true that there are men whose names can lend additional authority to the proposition that two and two make four. It is just as well, I think, that this is generally so; it is probably providential that Milton Friedman is such a man. I, for one, would buy the razor-blade he endorsed. □

The Oxford Book of Literary Anecdotes
Edited by James Sutherland
Clarendon Press, Oxford, 382 pp., $15

DIGGING UP MRS. ROSSETTI

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

God takes care of fools, drunkards, and the United States of America, but He draws the line at British authors.

Authors are frequently insane. Sir Richard Steele put bailiffs who arrived at his door with executions into livery,

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and left it to his friends to buy off his retinue. Thomas Birch, the scholar and biographer, constructed a dress "which, when he put it on, made him appear like an old tree" and was intended to reassure the trout. Mr. and Mrs. William Blake took the parts of Adam and Eve, for which, in their back garden, they dressed down, and read passages from *Paradise Lost* at each other. Dante Gabriel Rossetti buried his wife with the only manuscript of a book of his unpublished poems on her bosom, dug her up after a few years, and published them in a best-selling volume. W. B. Yeats "never had the remotest idea of taking care of himself. He would go all day without food unless someone remembered it for him, and in the same way would go on eating until someone checked him."

AUTHORS ARE antisocial. Once a pretty citizen saw Burbage play Richard III: Will Shakespeare overheard their assignation, and the password "Richard III." Shakespeare was better than punctual and in the sack soon enough to send word to Burbage that "William the Conqueror was before Richard the Third." Swift, when asked for sand with which to blot a letter, offered to "p-ss upon it." Two ladies complimented Dr. Johnson especially for having left all the naughty words out of his *Dictionary*: "What! my dears! then you have been looking for them?"

Authors are naive and vain. Carlyle walked his friend, Ralph Waldo Emerson, about the slums of London and then took him to the House of Commons. "And noo, man, d'ye believe in the deevil noo?" Emerson's Bay State optimism remained intact. John Dryden, who was suspicious of rivals, allowed that the playwright Crowne had some genius, but always added that his father and Crowne's mother had been very close friends.

Authors are for the most part impractical, useless for any sensible undertaking. Abraham Cowley read all of Spenser before he was 12, "and was thus made a poet as immediately as a child is made a eunuch." "I am proud of you as a friend," somebody told Coleridge, "but, I must say, I should be ashamed of you as a servant." A colleague at T. S. Eliot's bank told a friend of the poet's that he was delighted to hear that Eliot really did write good stuff. "Many of my colleagues wouldn't agree at all. They think a Banker has no business to be a poet . . . But I believe that . . . whatever his *hobby* may be, it's all the better if he's really keen on it . . . I think it helps him with his work."

AUTHORS work hard at their scribbling. At a party of young people in Edinburgh in 1814, the host asked to switch chairs with someone so that he might not be facing a window in the adjoining house: "there is a confounded hand in sight of me here, which has often bothered me before, and now it won't let me fill my glass with a good will . . . It fascinates my eye—it never stops—page after page is finished and thrown on that heap of ms., and still it goes on unwearied . . . It is the same every night." Some stupid engrossing clerk, suggested a friend. " 'No, boys,' said our host, 'I well know what hand it is—'tis Walter Scott's.' " In the evenings of three weeks, the last two volumes of *Waverley* were written. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THOMAS CARLYLE, *by Ian Campbell (Scribner's, 210 pp., illus., $10).* Thomas Carlyle was such a quarrelsome, feverish sort of man that he frequently gave himself (not to mention those around him) indigestion. Fortunately, there was plenty of bile left for his writing and, if the highly charged pages of his *French Revolution* and *Frederick the Great* can no longer be taken seriously as history, they still amuse as samples of a quirky but brilliant literary style that was often—but never successfully—imitated. Ian Campbell, a lecturer in English Literature at Edinburgh University (I suppose this makes him a latter-day Scotch reviewer of English bards), has a deep, calm understanding of his turbulent and occasionally shallow subject, and a genuine feel for the Scotland that formed Carlyle as a writer long before he set foot in Chelsea. As the author is also an editor of Carlyle's correspondence, the volume is filled with excellent quotes. Unlike some Carlyle enthusiasts, Campbell also has no trouble coming to grips with the other overpowering presence of the Carlyle household, Jane, whom he depicts fairly and with perception. A fine example of what a popular biography with scholarly moorings should be, and a well-deserved appreciation of one of the most unusual genius/cranks of nineteenth-century British letters. ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

SAVING THE QUEEN, *by William F. Buckley Jr. (Doubleday, 248 pp., $7.95).* Mr. Buckley's first novel features an attractive hero (American, young, handsome, patriotic, sassy); an irresistible Queen (of England; never, in the novel, confused with the incumbent); a great crisis of state (American hydrogen bomb-development secrets are being leaked to Stalin); a super-secret mission (the hero has to find out who the leak is, the suspects having narrowed to the Prime Minister of England and the Queen of England); a dalliance with the Queen (she is described by the *Washington Post* reviewer: "If you will try to imagine a woman who looks like a young Grace Kelly, has the mischievousness of an Alice Roosevelt Longworth, the wit of an early Dorothy Parker, the sweetness of Dorothy in the *Wizard of Oz*, and the breeding of, well, the Queen of England, you will get the picture [of the fictional Queen Caroline, 31]."); a theatrical duel with the traitor (fought over the skies of England, the Queen and the military nobility innocently looking on); an ironic eulogy delivered at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle (by the killer, in praise of the traitor); and, in an epilogue, the frustration of the Rockefeller Commission investigating the CIA (by the hero, invoking a privilege not enumerated in the Bill of Rights; a common law privilege, so to speak). Since the book's appearance, the author has repeatedly been asked whether the novel is autobiographical. His answers have sometimes appeared evasive, although he readily admits to having served briefly as a deep cover agent in the CIA after leaving college. Asked if, like his hero, he was treated sadistically at a British public school, he has answered that no, while at school in England as a boy he was beloved, then as now, of everyone. Asked to reply to the charge that everyone in his novel speaks like himself, he has remarked that this is a weakness he has in common with Jane Austen. Criticized in the *New York Times* for a scene that "reads like the Hardy Boys at a brothel," he replied that, speaking for himself, he would be delighted to read a chapter depicting the behavior of the Hardy Boys at a brothel. Asked why his hero, however amusing, departs so abruptly from the stereotype of Greene, Le Carré, et al., the author observed that not all American spies wear dirty underwear, or toss and turn at night wondering whether maybe Stalin wasn't right after all. Asked whether he has in mind a plot for a future novel, he was—once again—evasive, admitting only that he had mused on the theme of a novel based on a great novelist who consumed his talent worrying about mundane affairs. WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

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REHYANSKY
(Continued from page 142)

flowers and house plants. But such cultivation is a celebration of life, and not a single flower could be seen in this sad little city. Never have I seen a town so still, not even after a devastating battle. Yet it is obviously populated: clothes on the lines, curtains at the windows, noise from the factory near the city limits. The back door of a house opens, and a housewife carrying an armful of laundry walks out in the direction of a clothesline. She sees us, turns around, and goes back inside, still carrying the clothes over her arm. It occurs to me that, except for the soldiers and the workers by the fence, she is the first person I have seen between the ages of ten and fifty. Only the politically reliable, and those too young or too old to run, are permitted permanent residence this close to the border.

My binoculars penetrate deeper into the city. Smoke comes from only a few chimneys on this chilly Friday afternoon. There is no motor traffic. I see no television antennae. I study a large old apartment building and the rows of white-curtained windows. One of the curtains is pulled back, and a woman of about seventy, wearing a green sweater, stands looking at us from the fourth floor. She is too far away to see us individually with the naked eye, but she can see the bus and the group. Her left hand flexes, alternately tightening and loosening its grip on the curtain. Perhaps she senses that she is being watched, for suddenly the curtain is drawn back across the window, but not quite all the way. Then, slowly, it retreats again. I try hard to read the expression on her face, but the distance is too great, the magnification of my binoculars insufficient. I lower my glasses, reflecting that she was in the prime of her life, and I was not yet born, when the Iron Curtain fell, and she found herself on the wrong side.

"The great, burning belly of the dragon" could not digest a giant like Solzhenitsyn. But it has had no difficulty with this ordinary soul, or with the unsung hundreds of millions like her. She is perhaps unique only because she stands trapped on the farthermost edge of its fiery breath, with freedom—visible but inaccessible—tormenting her at her window.

I would like to tell her it is not my fault. But it is time to board the bus for the ride back through the looking glass. ☐

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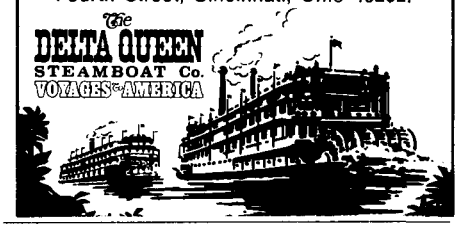

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EVANS

(Continued from page 151)

munists, the projected renunciation in Panama, or other issues of the sort, much less a formula for doing anything about these matters or for refurbishing our position in the world.

Of course, considering the situation of the Republican Party nowadays, it could hardly be otherwise. Despite the verbiage about going beyond the White House, Republicans in Congress cannot ignore the fact that there is a sitting Republican President, and they are necessarily influenced by his behavior. By appointing certain people, approving certain policies, or tacitly endorsing certain others by simply allowing them to continue, a Republican President can, and does, constrict the area of discussion in which Republican legislators are free to move.

While this formula would hold regardless of ideological content, in practice it has meant that as Republican Presidents drift over to the left they take the congressional party with them. We saw it under Eisenhower and Nixon, and are seeing it again under Ford. When White House policy is liberal—detente or Panama, land use or national health insurance—individual lawmakers may dissent but Republican legislators as a group are precluded from effective protest. It is only when the White House signals are relatively conservative (e.g., food stamps) that House Republicans are loosed for daring innovation.

All of this assumes, moreover, that the House Republicans as a group *want* to pose a direct and serious challenge to the liberal Democrats. And here there is an additional problem. House Republicans are a heterogeneous lot, embracing liberals from the North and East, and conservatives from the South and West. And though the conservatives are a clear majority (about 4 to 1, according to the ratings of the American Conservative Union), the liberal minority is just strong enough in party matters to veto strong expressions of conservative sentiment.

In sum, it is unlikely that the Republican Party in its present situation can project an effective, daring, or even consistent appeal to the American people. Until the party realizes that principle is a necessary pre-condition for an effective politics and focuses its own beliefs more clearly, it will have trouble exciting enthusiasm among the voters. □

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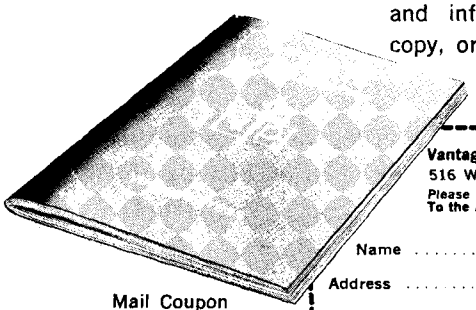

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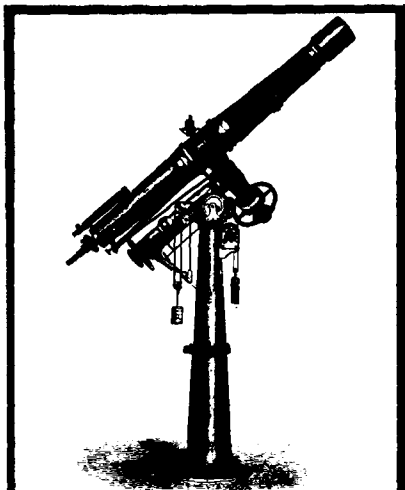

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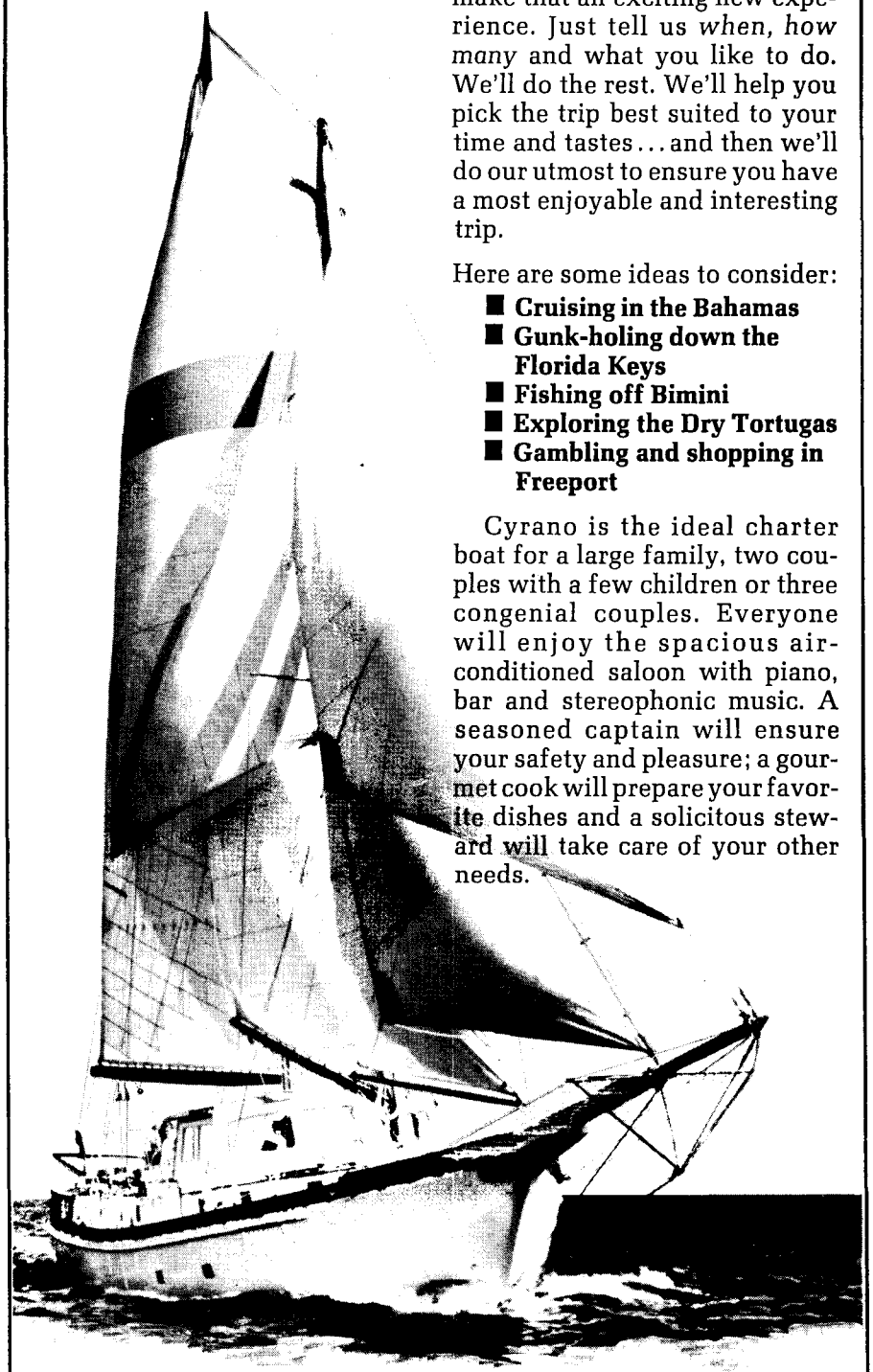

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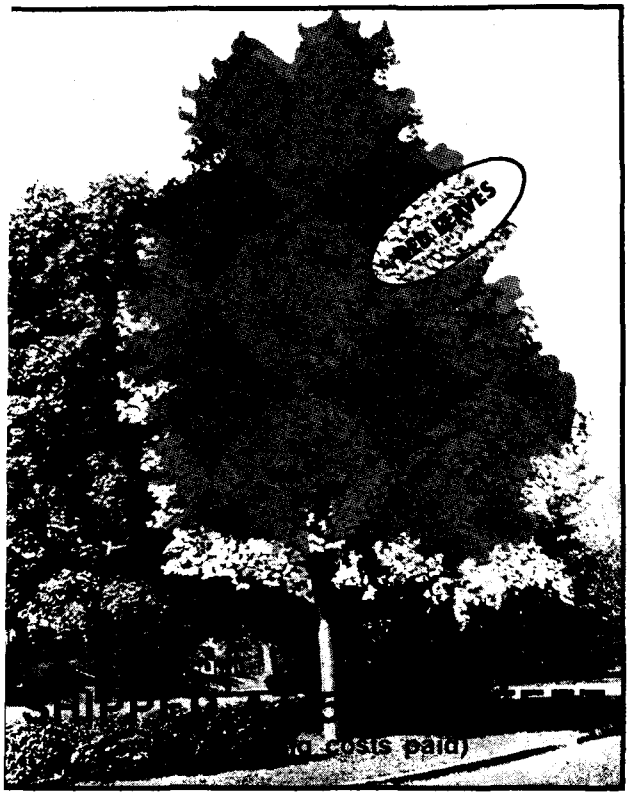

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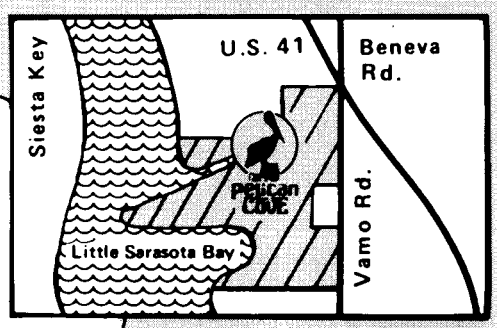

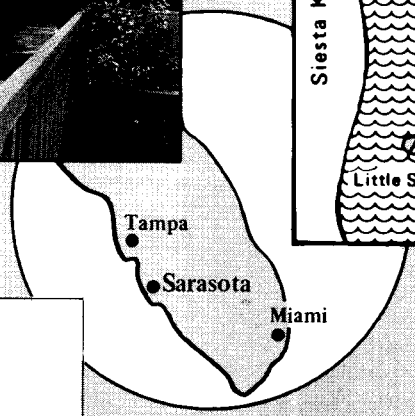

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P.O. Box 5979
Sarasota, Fla. 33579

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Pelican Cove

This is not intended to be a full statement of Pelican Cove. Full details are contained in the offical condominium documents and Disclosure Materials available to purchasers. This does not constitute an offer in those states where an offer cannot be made.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Russia Contra Naturam

On The Right

Moscow, Dec. 16—In three years, the people of Moscow are better dressed, slightly better housed, slightly less harassed, it would appear. There isn't any reason for this that issues out of any recent access of Soviet efficiency or benevolence. The top rulers of the Soviet Union aren't sadists, like their predecessors. But cruelty does not particularly disturb them, if they can think up uses for it, and there are plenty. It is useful for staying in power, maintaining a worldwide force of menacing potential, and suppressing any organized effort to provide the Russian people with an alternative life. What progress the Russian people have made in recent years can be said to have leaked through. If 95 per cent of the bureaucracy retired tomorrow, along with their rules and regulations, the Russian people would prosper as never before.

ONE HEARS, in the West, about the few conspicuous Soviet dissenters. Most notably, now that Solzhenitsyn has gone, Sakharov; echoes, every now and then, from Amalrik, who gave one interview too many to a CBS correspondent, producing that distribution of justice to which we have become accustomed: the CBS man was booted out of the country, sentenced to life outside the Soviet Union. Amalrik was sent to a labor camp, with special treatments at a neighborhood psychiatric asylum that specializes in blowing the minds of dissenters. But it has been four years now since an American correspondent was tossed out of the country. And although their movements are monitored as keenly as ever, they do not, any longer, disguise their movements as diligently as they used to do. They reason as follows: that if the Kremlin is going to permit traffic with the dissidents, as journalists they must go ahead and pursue those contacts. If the dissidents, knowing they will be observed, want to take the risk, why, there isn't very much the foreign correspondents can do about it. It is an entirely unpredictable matter when, on what pretext, or in what numbers the dissidents will be rounded up and sent off to torture. Those who collect the benefits of detente like to think that official Russo-American amity serves as something of a life insurance policy for the dissenters. This needs to be said slowly, carefully. Because no one believes that the Soviet mind has been lobotomized and is incapable now of doing spasmodically what yesterday it did routinely. But some American observers continue to believe that the uneasy toleration of dissent is traceable to a new self-consciousness about Soviet barbarism, induced by detente.

FOR INSTANCE—one foreign correspondent pointed out—there was the scene a year ago that shook the artistic world: a bulldozer running through an outdoor exhibit of unlicensed Soviet artists. The repercussions in the art world were damaging to Soviet authorities, who noiselessly permitted a subsequent exhibit, on a smaller scale, to proceed without interference; and indeed it is reported that one or two of the offending artists have been invited into the Artists' Union. This is revolutionary indeed; or, more properly, counterrevolutionary, it never having been previously supposed that the day would come when any Russian artist would be permitted into the Artists' Union.

For the rest, detente has meant little to Soviet citizens. The rise in the standard of dress and consumption is a tribute not to the relaxation of tensions, but to the sophistication of the so-called "counter-economy." Although the standard of living in Russia is very low—less than one-half our own—there is a good deal of cash income around, for the very good reason that for years there has been nothing to buy with it. American tourists shopping in Russia can patronize shops out of bounds to native Muscovites. Having come to these oases, you can buy a) caviar and vodka, b) a fur cap, or c) an enameled box. The techniques of the "counter-economy" are designed to find something to buy with the money you save. A license to buy a car. Blue jeans. A silk scarf. A short-wave radio. A record by the Rolling Stones. The right to live in Moscow (price: marry somebody who already lives there, divorce him/her, pay him/her off). The counter-economy is beginning to thrive in the Soviet Union. It is nature's defense against totalitarian socialism, and the antibodies thrive on corruption, bringing a small measure of contentment to the fortunate few among the Soviet people. The Soviet Union would be infinitely better of if corruption were absolutely universal It would remain, then, only to declare corruption to be legal—and you would approach a free market system. □

RESTORATION IN RUSSIA

Leningrad, Dec. 18—In his brilliant new book, *The Russians*, Hedrick Smith of the *New York Times* confirms the worst we have suspected; namely, that the exhilarating movement of the dissidents in the Soviet Union has been skillfully choked back by the Communist nobility, to ghostly proportions. It is reduced to three superstars, on whom brilliant but episodic lights continue to shine as they sweatily perform their death-defying trapeze acts in a progressively sequestered ring of the huge auditorium, once filled with an elated constituency of artists, intellectuals, poets, and pilgrims; who for the most part are absent now when, with increasing infrequency, the act goes on. The crowds are back in their crowded quarters, queueing up for a fresh orange, reading—or not reading—the Soviet press; dolefully appeasing the ugly demands of their ugly society, even though this requires them to join in ritual denunciations of the three great dissenters among them, Solzhenitsyn, Sakharov, and Medvedev.

They take you, in Leningrad, to Peter and Paul Fortress, built in the beginning of the eighteenth century when Peter the Great decided to Westernize Russia through a resplendent new capital. The prison cells at P and P bear the pictures and biographies of the last occupants before the revolution, the most celebrated of whom are the older brother of Lenin, and the poet Maxim Gorky. The guide will tell you in catch-throated sentences about the horrors of prison life under the czars. For this purpose, the cells and surrounding paraphernalia are less than exuberant documentaries. For one thing, the individual cells are about three times the size of the typical twentieth-century American prison cell. The guide then tells you that the prisoners were seldom incarcerated for more than six months, dying thereupon on the gallows, or of tuberculosis; or, subsequently, of overexposure in Siberia. It is

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true that Lenin's brother died on the gallows. His infraction was that he contributed his scientific knowledge to the production of a bomb designed to explode the czar. The bomb, however, misfired. "Upon his death," the guide tells you, "we lost a young genius, already at 21 recognized as the leading young light of Soviet science." Those who have followed the vicissitudes of Soviet science will understand that its provenance was a misfired bomb.

But it is hard to get worked up about executing somebody who tried to blow up his emperor eighty years ago. We in the United States will deal with Squeaky with condign severity. The next exhibit is Gorky's cell, and the guide advises you that there was so much consternation in the Western world about his imprisonment that the prison rules were set aside, and he was permitted to correspond with writers around the world. His successor dissenters—Daniel and Sinyavsky, for instance—didn't move the incumbent czars to such an accommodation. And the other prison cells record matter-of-factly the death dates of their former occupants—in the Thirties and Forties of this century, for the most part—comfortably escaping execution, TB, and terminal experiences with Siberia.

THE CRAZE in Leningrad, so greatly devastated by the German siege of 1941-1944, is for *restoration*. The exquisite palaces of the czars and czarinas of the past two hundred years are recreated with brilliant eye and numinous hand, and there is nowhere in the world such repristinated splendor of decorative detail, achieved by a society that will hang a sign: DO NOT TOUCH! on a hard marble staircase, which sign it would not hang over the genitalia of dissenters from the system dragged into the torture cells for interrogation.

There is something about the past of Russia that modern Soviet Russia cannot let alone. The exception is intriguing. It is the desolate palace of Nicholas and Alexandra, the last czar and czarina. They will drive you right by it to Catherine's Palace, only three hundred yards down the road. You need to make a major scene to slow the bus down to let you look at the one unreconstructed palace in the great complex around St. Petersburg. When, finally, the guide sulkily consents and the photographs are taken, she divulges "our resentment" that "so many Americans" should be "interested" in the last czar. "For us," she says—I would guess our spirited guide was born 25 years after the czar and his family were murdered—"the Czar Nicholas is not history, he is still evil, he did much to hurt Russia. . . . How would you like it," she asks, "if I went to New York and took a picture of, of . . . the Bowery?"

Her audience was greatly amused, and one of them suggested she would probably get a prize from the National Endowment for the Humanities, provided the picture were gruesome enough.

Why, one wonders, do they fear so much the memory of that pallid, awkward, maladroit monarch, drawing curtains over his relatively modest palace, while restoring busily every gilded filigree in every antechamber of his ancestors'? Is it a psychic fear of illegitimacy? Anastasia-in-the-closet? The felt need to immure the link between the fastidiously restored past, and the gruesome present? Lest Restoration should become more than a craftsman's passion. □

SUNDAY IN LENINGRAD

Leningrad, Dec. 20—Forget Gulag for a moment. In Russia it is also the little things. You are much better off traveling here in groups, because the Soviet state thinks macrocosmically. Twenty, thirty, a hundred people are palpable. One is a nuisance. But the trouble now was a subgroup. Twelve of us wanted to go to church on Sunday. This is not, by the way, a Provocative Act for a foreigner in Russia—he is free to attend church, and leave the country peacefully.

We are at the newest, largest hotel in Leningrad, a city of four million people. You would suppose that the lobby is bustling at 8:30 in the morning. It is not. You look outside the door, into the Arctic dark, and there is no taxi line. You go to the desk where the sign tells you they will call you a taxi for 30 kopeks, but there is no one there. You go to one end of the main desk, and the lady hears you out; and then points to another woman, at the other end of the desk—*she* is the one who speaks English. You go through it again. She tells you you must go to Information on B Floor. You go to Information on B Floor. There is nobody there. You return to the main desk. She tells you to talk to the lady on your own floor who keeps the room keys. You complain that she does not speak English. You are told she will understand you. You go back to Floor 5 and explain that you desire f-o-u-r taxis, counting the fingers on your hand as in This Little Piggy Went to Market, to take t-w-e-l-v-e people to church. She nods, and picks up her telephone. But it does not work. She says something in Russian which has got to be earthy. FLASH! She reaches for a key, obviously to an unoccupied guest room, halfway down the hall. In two minutes she is back, and scribbles the number of a cab which will come to the door of the hotel in a matter of minutes. What about the other three cabs? Go down, she says, and advise four members of your party to occupy the cab with number 76-30. Then come back here, and I will tell you the number of the next cab. You go to the elevators, but four of them are out of order, and three are not enough to handle rush hour traffic, which has now begun. So you run down 4, 3, 2, 1, PAST THE MYSTERY FLOOR —nobody knows what's there; perhaps Howard Hughes has hedged his bets—B, A, bark your orders to four communicants, and bound back up the six flights. She is at her desk. As you reach her, she hears the telephone ring, bounds down the hall, returns with the number of the second cab, and instructs you to rush down and Fire Two. You ask if you might not simply wait downstairs as all the taxis arrive, and she says No! Under no circumstances! How would you know what the number is of the cab that is dispatched for your use? You do not argue in Russia. I expect you would not argue even if you knew how to argue in Russian. The logical gears are nonreciprocating. On the one hand, the management of the largest hotel in the most cosmopolitan center of Russia finds nothing abnormal in organizing something like Houston Control to round up four taxis at nine in the morning on Sunday. On the other hand, you have the feeling that if you had appeared at the main desk and asked for six B-52s, you would not have been required to make any extra exertions.

We got there. There were perhaps two hundred parishioners. The priest was venerable, and he spoke to a congregation that must have been born, every one of them, before the revolution. The priest read extensively in Russian—from the Scriptures, one supposes. You take fugitive delight in calculating that there probably isn't enough religion left in Russia to attract the attention of the new liturgists.

SO THE old priest spoke the Mass in Latin, in the old rite, and the old women, and a few men, bowed their heads. Behind the altar is a huge florid painting of the romantic school, the cross figuring large with the legend, IN HOC SIGNO VINCES: *by this sign, ye shall conquer*. You sigh under the weight of all that is undone, in Russia, and outside Russia, before the Church can be called triumphant; but then you ponder the fact that it—the little tatterdemalion church—is still there; and ponder even the demisemiquaver of a miracle—that all 12 American tourists got there. And anyway, after a half-century's experience with Communism in Russia, impatience with chiliastic Christianity is childlike. Some day, when the statues of Lenin are as windblown as his thoughts, the major shrine in Leningrad will probably be that little Christian church, that went on and on, Sunday after Sunday, as if nothing had happened. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Francis Bacon's romance about a philosophical commonwealth (fol. *The*)
77 12 123 2 22 84 86 120 190 204 / 10

B. Brought down upon oneself
104 209 178 98 151 3 191 18

C. Campanella's treatise on an ideal republic (fol. *The*)
175 78 6 85 110 116 168 47 71 174 / 76 121

D. Cephalalgia
200 207 129 107 164 196 64 212

E. Capsize
210 69 81 100 19 40 53 160

F. The lost land that supposedly once joined Madagascar with India and Sumatra
28 101 111 215 80 187 21

G. Symbol adapted from the Latin *et* and having the same meaning
34 146 55 201 194 143 9 177 25

H. A performer or performance that gets such applause that the performance is interrupted
72 128 147 184 33 73 115 141 203 122 / 216

I. Repent ye: for the _____ is at hand.
127 4 24 39 50 59 67 14 92 20 / 217 45 89 97 99

J. Persons having access to confidential information because of their positions
65 181 130 26 214 36 94 136

K. Part of the neck
91 42 13 54

L. A curious republic about which Mark Twain wrote
153 68 202 208 176 103 57

M. An incrustation on the teeth
46 82 61 105 88 43

N. An airplane flying at a low altitude
169 185 198 60 75 87 112 139 150 179 / 188

O. Samuel Butler's ideal but somewhat backward commonwealth
5 11 38 119 8 29 58

P. Thomas More's political romance
171 16 152 27 206 62

Q. DATE NEMO
213 106 30 166 117 159 183 17

R. Something that is scarce
15 31 154 70 205 7

S. The main floor of a theater
52 131 66 74 155 44 32 180 195

T. Country from which King Arthur came and where he died
83 124 118 172 90 156 149 132

U. The National Socialist air force during World War II
41 23 144 95 211 48 163 186 134

V. Rough with divergent scales or processes
79 102 113 161 37 49 125 157 137

W. Units of electric resistance
93 96 192 162

X. Certain evening prayers
133 182 167 63 197 109 189

Y. Having no fixed course
142 126 135 145 114 158 51

Z. The former name of Rio Roosevelt
165 173 1 170 35 56 108 138 140 148 / 193 199

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 174 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

■	1 Z	2 A	3 B	4 I	5 O	6 C	7 R	■	8 O	9 G	10 A	■	11 O	12 A	13 K	14 I	15 R	16 P
17 Q	18 B	■	19 E	20 I	21 F	22 A	■	23 U	■	24 I	■	25 G	26 J	27 P	28 F	29 O	30 Q	31 R
32 S	33 H	■	34 G	35 Z	36 J	■	37 V	38 O	39 I	40 E	41 U	42 K	43 M	44 S	■	45 I	46 M	■
47 C	48 U	49 V	50 I	51 Y	52 S	53 E	54 K	■	55 G	56 Z	57 L	58 O	59 I	60 N	61 M	62 P	63 X	64 D
65 J	66 S	■	67 I	68 L	69 E	70 R	71 C	72 H	■	73 H	74 S	75 N	■	76 C	■	77 A	■	78 C
79 V	■	80 F	81 E	82 M	83 T	84 A	85 C	■	86 A	■	87 N	88 M	89 I	90 T	91 K	■	92 I	93 W
94 J	■	95 U	96 W	97 I	■	98 B	99 I	100E	101F	102V	103L	104B	105M	106Q	107D	■	108Z	109X
110C	111F	■	112N	113V	114Y	115H	116C	117Q	118T	119O	120A	■	121C	122H	123A	■	124T	125V
126Y	127I	■	128H	129D	130J	■	131S	132T	133X	134U	135Y	136J	137V	138Z	■	139N	140Z	141H
142Y	143G	■	144U	145Y	146G	147H	148Z	149T	■	150N	151B	152P	153L	154R	155S	156T	157V	158Y
159Q	160E	■	161V	162W	■	163U	164D	165Z	■	166Q	167X	■	168C	169N	170Z	■	171P	■
172T	■	173Z	174C	■	175C	176L	177G	178B	179N	180S	181J	182X	183Q	■	184H	185N	■	186U
187F	188N	189X	190A	■	191B	192W	193Z	194G	195S	196D	197X	198N	■	199Z	200D	201G	202L	■
203H	204A	205R	206P	207D	208L	■	209B	210E	211U	■	212D	213Q	214J	215F	216H	217I	■	■

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Milliken's **Flexagon** Carpet Tiles awarded **IBD** First Prize for Floor Coverings.

Once again, for the second year in a row, a major award of the prestigious Institute of Business Designers has been won by Milliken. The product honored is Flexagon, a new geometric design in Milliken's MILSTAR® Custom Squares, free-lay tiles with pile of 100% Antron® nylon. Flexagon is so versatile that, for the first time ever, an almost infinite multiplicity of patterns is provided by a single design.

Cited by the IBD for their design achievement were Daniel C. Stark, Milliken's Director of Styling and Design, and David Oakey, Designer. The award-winning design is one of a number of remarkable new patterns made possible by the revolutionary Millitron™ Computer Injection Dyeing development from Milliken Research, America's largest textile research and development organization.

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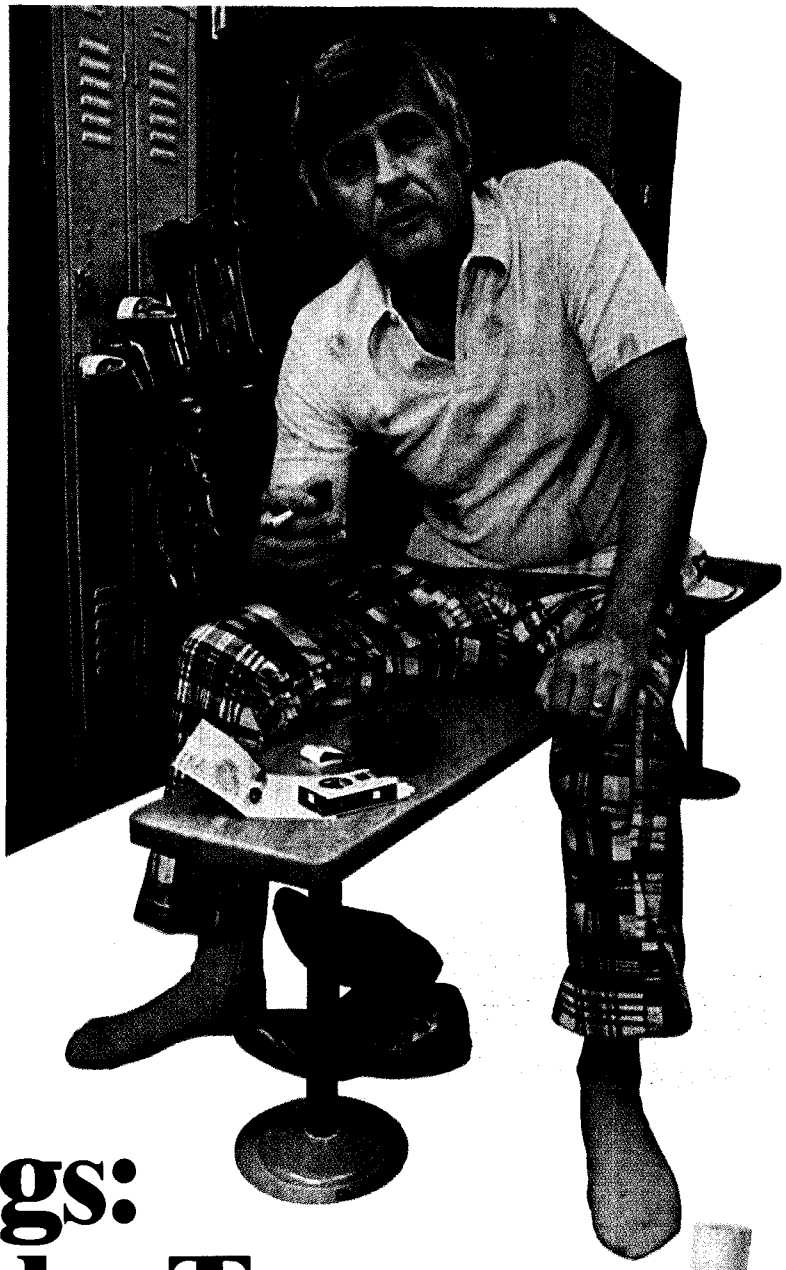

I'd heard enough to make me decide one of two things: quit or smoke True.

I smoke True.

The low tar, low nicotine cigarette. Think about it.

King Regular: 11 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine; 100's Menthol: 13 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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